



*The*

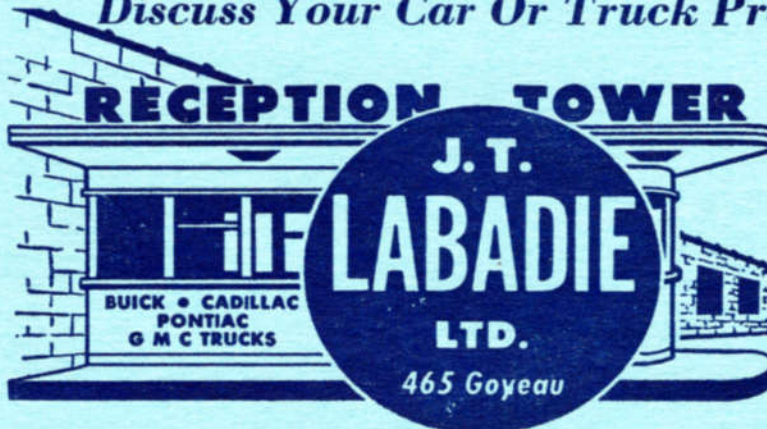
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## THE 1938 KENCOLL STAFF



To whom this issue is gratefully dedicated.

## GUEST EDITORIAL

London, England: From cold and flooded England I have been summoned back across three thousand miles of ocean and nine turbulent years to write a foreword for the tenth edition of The Kencoll.

Kencoll has become such a well-established institution that you may think it has always been as much a part of the school as the principal. Actually, during the first ten years of Kennedy's existence, the only student publication was a mimeographed annual newspaper called "The Keyhole." This was of a higher standard than the name would imply, but everyone realized that it was not a satisfactory substitute for a full-fledged school magazine.

The Kencoll was born in 1938. Despite the efforts of the first Kencoll staff, the long-cherished dream could not have become a reality except for a wave of student enthusiasm, and the timely intervention of a few minor miracles. A week before scheduled publication date, when hope had almost been abandoned, a substantial cheque from a generous advertiser restored our tottering finances.

The nine years that have passed since we looked with awe and incredulity at the first copies of The Kencoll rolling off the press, have made many changes, but there are some things that have not changed. If you look at that 1938 Kencoll you will find an editorial headed "Pas Trail—Our Responsibility." Those were the days of terrible drought on the prairies. Whole com-

munities were moved from the dust-bowl area to new homes in Northern Saskatchewan. These "displaced persons" were short of food, short of clothing. Their schools had no textbooks.

Kennedy students adopted one such community, Pas Trail. Everyone gave what they could—food, clothing, books. It helped them, and it helped to teach us our responsibility as Canadians.

Today, Canada is fortunate. We have few "displaced persons;" we are one of the wealthiest countries in the world. But in other countries, thousands of people are living, and dying, in conditions infinitely worse than those of Pas Trail. In England, which suffered so much from wanton Nazi destruction, many students give up their meagre candy ration that it may be sent to hungry German children. Canadians can do as much as Britons to relieve suffering in war-torn countries; we can afford to do much more.

During the years since 1938, responsibilities of Kennedy students have increased. What we then owed to unfortunate fellow Canadians, we now owe to destitute people in other countries, our fellow citizens of "One World."

Best wishes to all of you. In the Kencoll, you have a school magazine which is maintaining and expanding its role as the voice of student aspirations and achievements. I know that in this, as in every other aspect of student activities, Kennedy will continue to give the lead.

Dick Graybiel.





### *The KENCOLL Staff*

|  |  |
|--|--|
| HOPE ARNOTT<br>(Editor)                  | NANCY GARNIER<br>(Editor)                |
| ANN RIGGS<br>(Upper School Editor)       | SYLVIA SWALWELL<br>(Lower School Editor) |
| MARGARET BLAIR<br>(Exchange Editor)      |  |
| HARRY PICKTHALL<br>(Business Manager)    | WALTER PRINCE<br>(Business Manager)      |
| JOAN O'FLANNAGAN<br>(Short Story Editor) |  |
| MISS GRAY<br>(Staff Advisor)             | MR. BROWN<br>(Staff Advisor)             |
| Boys' Athletics .....                    | MIKE DIETRICH                            |
| Girls' Athletics .....                   | VIOLET MACK                              |
| Humour .....                             | BARRY STRICKLAND                         |
| Typing .....                             | HELEN SOHLMAN                            |
| Social .....                             | } PAT LEWIS                              |
|  | } PAT BARNUM                             |
| School Clubs .....                       | IGOR KAPLAN                              |
| Thumbnail Sketches .....                 | } JO-ANNE BEGER                          |
|  | } IAN HOWIE                              |
| Cadet Corps .....                        | BILL JAMIESON                            |
| Art .....                                | FRANK BOWER                              |
| Photography .....                        | JIM LEWIS                                |



## Editorial Page

### KENNEDY—OUR RESPONSIBILITY

Kennedy as a word does not mean a great deal. It is just a seven letter word made up of a couple of 'e's', 'n's', a 'd' and a 'y'. When you take it apart like that, they are just five letters from the alphabet and they have no meaning. But the name "Kennedy," as we speak of it, represents a large sprawling building at which we daily toil in a sometimes vain attempt to learn. It represents a staff of trained teachers who are striving to educate a large group of students. Everyone of these is an individual and his character and conduct determine to a large extent the reputation of Kennedy among the citizens of this city and this country.

Kennedy represents more directly, a body of about nine hundred students. Nine hundred people are gathered together and are treated as one thing and called by one name—Kennedy. Why then, does the conduct of a small minority reflect upon the reputation of such a large group? Why aren't the petty misbehaviours lost in the throng? It is because everyone of those nine hundred represent an individual with different characteristics, actions, likes and dislikes. In other words you are Kennedy. What you do, say or think is what other people judge Kennedy as doing, saying or thinking: Kennedy is not just a place where you are being educated. You cannot walk down its corridors indifferent to your surroundings and working only for the day when you will leave, without gaining something from Kennedy and contributing something to it. That is why Kennedy is our responsibility. It was the responsibility of those before us and they have built up a great name for us in sports as well as scholastics. It will be the responsibility of those to come. The lower school will look up to the upper school for guidance and the upper school must look to the reputation set up by us, the students of Kennedy today.

What must we aim for? Kennedy must be democratic. All of its activities, such as dances, salvage drives, the Kencoll and so on should be supported by and be in accordance with the wishes of the majority not the small but authoritative minority. Kennedy has a motto "altiora peto" which has a meaning that can be a law for us not only in Kennedy but throughout our lives.

Kennedy is like a vast machine made up of almost a thousand little parts, a machine which produces the citizens of tomorrow. And Kennedy itself is a cog in the wheel of the machinery of our country and our world. And it all revolves around you. It is your responsibility.

Nancy Garnier, 13A.

### PEACE, OUR RESPONSIBILITY

A very precious gift has been given to us, a gift that we may treasure always or destroy in an incredibly short time. It is an expensive gift because many men died to pay for it. While these men were sacrificing their lives, we stayed at home, too young to fight yet old enough to witness the struggle for our gift.

We wore bobby-sox and pork-pie hats, spoke jive-talk, and swooned over Frank Sinatra. We were potential juvenile delinquents. We bought war-saving stamps, knitted sweaters, socks and mitts, collected scrap. We had brothers, fathers, and friends in the service. And then the war ended.

The fight was ours, but we were still too young to use it. It is still ours and we **must** use it. Do we want to be the "in-between-wars" generation,

the generation that failed before? Are we going to sit back and drift with the tide; or are we going to fight the dangerous currents and hand on this priceless gift to our children?

In the present-day world we may destroy whole cities with one bomb, destroy ideals and principles with subversive propaganda, destroy whole nations with super war-machinery. During the war years man bent all his energies on creating destruction. Is it not logical, therefore, that his genius may now create achievement?

We have the gift. It is not a gift to play with or treat lightly. We did not ask for it, but we should be grateful that we received it without our bloodshed. It is an elusive gift, a "now you have it, now you don't" thing. Only now we have it, to do with as we please. It is peace, our responsibility.

by Hope Arnott, 13B.

### THE KENCOLL EXCHANGE

Ever since the Kencoll has been in existence there has been an exchange with other schools throughout the province. We must keep the standard of the Kencoll high. We do this by looking at and reading other school magazines. The most interesting sections to glance at are the humour columns.

On looking through the pages of our dearest friend, the Patterson Patrician, we came upon this.

"Then there was the Kennedy student who went to a football game because he thought a quarterback was a refund."

And among their favourite last sayings: "I think I'll sing Kennedy's school song on the stage next Wednesday."

In "Vox" of Central Collegiate, Hamilton we read: "Keep on fighting boys," said the general. "never say die. Never give up until the last shot is fired. When it's fired, then run. I'm a little lame; so I'm starting now."

Bell Hop—"Did you ring sir?"

Irate guest—"No, I was tolling. I thought you were dead."

Margaret Blair.

### I WILL REMEMBER K.C.I.

I will remember K.C.I. because it is there that I am learning to live. I am having the rough edges knocked off my character and my personality, and in spite of any trivial grievances I have nurtured in the course of this development. I am deeply grateful for it. I will remember the ever friendly atmosphere, the Friday night games, the T-dances, my treasured friendships, the little idiosyncracies of my favourite teachers.

Yes, I will remember K.C.I.

Neil Campbell.





## KENCOLL STAFF

First Row: Marion Grant, Margaret Blair, Violet Mack, Nancy Garnier, Hope Arnott, Dorothy Hanes, Jo-Anne Beger, Jacqueline Eagen.

Second Row: Helen Sohlman, Edith Chambers, Jean Saville, Pat Barnum, Pat Lewis, Barbara Arnott, Ann Riggs, Joan O'Flanagan.

Third Row: Mr. Brown, Igor Kaplan, Frank Bower, Keith Warner, Harry Pickthall, Mike Dietrich, Ian Howie, Barry Strickland, Bill Jamieson, Walter Prince, Jim Lewis, Miss Gray.

Absent: Sylvia Swalwell.

**T**HIS SPACE was bought by the following upper school students who are especially interested in seeing the Kencoll published this year. Price 25c.

B. STRICKLAND  
B. BUCKNER  
N. GARNIER  
J. SAVILLE  
M. GRANT  
B. PIDPERYHORA  
S. EISEN  
D. ROSE  
L. STEINHART  
B. CHRISTIE  
N. McCULLOUGH  
W. KAWASAKI  
L. STORM  
J. WRIGHT

D. HANES  
M. BERES  
A. LINDQUIST  
B. LEWIS  
H. EZRA  
D. LUCAS  
J. SPURGEON  
R. TURNER  
J. BEGER  
E. CHAMBERS  
B. LUKACS  
M. BLAIR  
K. WARNER

M. STEELE  
S. OLEKSIUK  
T. MOSCUL  
W. KINDIAK  
J. O'FLANAGAN  
J. HOLDEN  
H. SIMOLA  
G. ELFORD  
D. ELLIS  
B. CROWDER  
N. PICKTHALL  
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Front Row, left to right: Miss Shaw, Miss Dougherty, Miss Stewart, Mrs. Hagarty, Miss Bondy, Miss Noonan, Mrs. Sills, Miss Friesen, Miss Reeves, Miss Vrooman, Miss McNeill, Miss Hope.

Middle Row: Miss Gray, Mr. Laframboise, Mr. Deagle, Mr. Unger, Mr. Letourneau, Mr. Ryan, Mr. Liddell, Mr. Knapp, Mr. Walter, Mr. Wass, Miss McEwan.

Rear Row: Mr. Ward, Mr. Gilbert (Principal), Mr. Mahon, Mr. Thomson, Mr. Day, Mr. Fox, Mr. Chapman, Mr. Brown, Mr. Green, Mr. Bishop.

Absent: Mrs. May, Miss Davis, Miss Cuddy.

### PRINCIPAL'S FOREWORD

Have you seen the billboard sign that reads something like this, "Good citizenship is made up of a lot of little things"? When citizenship or character is publicized in this manner, by national advertisers, they must feel that it is most important.

Where can one find a place where so many little things enter into one's daily life as in school? The mere picking up of a book that has been dropped, the turning in of a pen that has been found, the way you give respect to your teacher and fellow students, are little things that help build character.

Every day our little acts are noticed by some one. Our friends may say, "Yes, I can depend on him," or perhaps, "I had better make sure myself." At every turn our character is being analyzed.

Every boy and girl is building up daily little habits of thought and action which, over the period of years spent at school, develop with the growth of the individual. You are what you make yourself. Robespierre put it this way, "No man can climb out beyond his own character."

Growth of any kind is slow and when directed in the wrong way may be distorted easily. Try the experiment

of allowing a twig to grow around a glass spiral. At first little change is noticed, but as time goes by, the twig has assumed the shape of the spiral. Break away the glass, and try to straighten out the twig. What happens? When free it, jumps back at once to its former shape. Only by continued effort will it come near to assuming its natural shape. The growth of young people is not dissimilar. The daily school routine, the daily contact with people, the daily sameness of life that we so often feel is monotonous, our coming to school, our going home, make us wonder at times if it is all worth while; but in the process we are developing and maturing, and molding our formative characters just as in the case of the twig. We see the effects on others, but seldom on ourselves. In later life if asked where you acquired certain characteristics, you probably pass it off by saying, "I was always like that."

The knowledge gained at school may be much or little, but the character acquired in the journey through school has become a part of us and as Henry James, the psychologist, says, "It is well for the world that in most of us, by the age of thirty, the character has set like plaster and will never soften again."

A. F. S. GILBERT.





Forum Executive—1946-1947

Front Row, left to right: Joyce Turner, Patt Barnum, Donna Paisely, Jean Saville (Secretary), Mr. Knapp, Joyce Fenn, Jo-Anne Beger, Arliss Weber, Doris Crawford.

Back Row: Bill Jamieson, Bob Buckner, Ann Riggs, Paul Deneau, Joan O'Flanagan, Bill Lewis (President), Betty Verwey, Ian Howie (Treasurer), Doug Buckner, Norman Walsh, Gary O'Neil.

Absent: Jack Soper, Shirley Ledgley, Jerry O'Flanagan, Mike Dietrich, Doug Kilpatrick.



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THE REGISTRAR.

## THE TYRANNY OF FASHION

"And they sewed fig leaves together and made themselves aprons." Thus Adam and Eve, the first man and the first woman, designed the first clothes. From the fig leaf to the fur, the tunic, the toga, the suit, and the dress, through the years, man has been the slave of fashion.

The tailors and dressmakers are the dictators of our tyrannical world. History, if we choose to regard it in this light, is a band of tailors, seated cross-legged on their boards. They gossip across the centuries about their influence and power. One of them made Joseph's coat.

"Now Israel loved Joseph more than all his children and he made him a coat of many colours." The tailor of Alcibiades makes a remark about the former's curled and scented hair. Beau Brummel's tailor comments on the famous dandy's apparel. The man who made the toga for Julius Caesar need only to turn his head to nod to Marie Antoinette's seamstress.

In the time of Pericles, the folds of the tunic had to be meticulously placed and the Roman patrician spent hours adjusting the drape of his toga. From the excessive modesty of the Middle Ages and the Victorian era, to the boldness of the twentieth century, man has been, is, and always shall be, clothes conscious.

When knights were bold and ladies fainted at the slightest provocation, the male sex led in the grandeur and opulence of clothes. This was the age of romance. Who could ever forget Sir Walter Raleigh and his chivalrous action for his queen? At this time, bright colours and vivid costumes were abundantly produced.

Since then man has become a dull, conversative dresser, afraid to be different from others. Man has seven layers of clothing around his waist, undershirt, drawers, shirt, trousers, vest, coat and overcoat. He is uncomfortable all the time. He is choked by a tight, starched collar and further tortured by a piece of cloth, knotted around his neck. This article is called a tie. It dips in his soup. He gets egg stains and orange juice on it. Yet how many men will go without one on formal occasions? Man, on the average, wears seventy buttons, thirty-three of which serve any useful purpose. The waistcoat in former years was at least decorative, but now it just adds bulk to the male waist. There is no more monotonous sight than the pavements of our crowded city streets with their drab, black, gray, and brown suits being splashed with mud from passing automobiles.

Woman, on the other hand, wants to be different, but not too different. She will not wear what everyone else is wearing. Neither will she wear something that no one else is wearing. One day, a woman wears a flower hat over her left ear and the next day every woman in town is decked out like the Garden of Allah. When Elizabeth wore a ruff, every woman in England wore one also. When Madame Pompadour wore the hair style,

named after her, it was an overnight sensation.

Nearly all of the newest fads are not new but come from the past. The bustle came originally from the Congo, was in vogue during the reign of Queen Victoria and has been revived this year by Hattie Carnegie. The modern choker came from the Burmese savage who used brass rings to stretch her neck to giraffe-like proportions. The turban makes a woman look like an African whose head is bound from birth. On the Marquesa Islands women are tattooed on the legs, arms and face. Leg paint, painted toe-nails, face make-up and hair bleach accomplish the same results in our society.

The problem of what to wear is solved for us today by the newspapers, magazines, moving pictures, and tailors, and dress designers. We wear what is fashionable at the moment, whether it is becoming or not. Although a woman may abhor silk stockings, she is forced to wear them. They are expensive, offer little protection and are easily torn. Ties, also serve no useful service, but they are necessary to the well dressed man as are his shoes.

Until such time as we are unafraid to dress as we please, we cannot call ourselves a free people living in a free nation. Our clothes reflect our thoughts and our national characteristics. Whether we wear fig leaves or costly silks and satins, let us follow the advice of Shakespeare:

"Costly thy habit, as thy purse can buy,  
but not express'd in fancy; rich but not gaudy;  
for the apparel oft proclaims the man."

Barbara Arnott.

## HISTORY OF JAZZ

In its early years, jazz grew up throughout the various Southern states in America. However, New Orleans soon established itself as the jazz capital of the South. New Orleans—seaport shipping centre to and from which boats and peoples from waters far distant and near swish and mix. New Orleans—city that gave the world such jazz leaders as Louis Armstrong, Sidney Bechet, Jelly Roll Morton, King Oliver, Baby Dodds, Kid Ory, Barney Bigard, Danny Alvin, Pops Foster, and many others.

The famous New Orleans style is none other than the original and primitive jazz music, the style from which all other jazz styles have sprung. In general these New Orleans orchestras were composed of six pieces. The melodic section was composed of cornet, trombone, and clarinet. Occasionally a violin was added. This was supported by a rhythm section including bass, drums, and banjo. No piano was used for the simple reason that it was very cumbersome since the orchestra frequently played out-of-doors. The saxophone was absent from these early orchestras. Its use did not begin until about 1920, a period when New Orleans had practically ceased to be a jazz centre.

As the popularity of jazz gradually spread over the United States, many New Orleans musicians



worked their way up the Mississippi. Some worked on river boats; others sought their fortune in Chicago. Thus, by about 1922 Chicago became the jazz capital. As these orchestras moved into permanent night spots, the piano was added to the rhythm section.

It was not long before white musicians began to take an interest in jazz. A number of white orchestras attempted to duplicate these great Negro musicians. A few of the white orchestras were to some extent successful, but unfortunately the majority of the white musicians paid little attention to the Negro stylists.

Moreover the whites did not hesitate to make their own changes. Although they left the rhythm section unchanged, they increased the number of instruments in the melodic section. Likewise, since the musicians could read music, the previously employed method of playing by ear was made obsolete. Thus musical scores were substituted. Consequently the brass section was composed of three saxophones, doubling on clarinet, two trumpets, and one trombone. Therefore the real jazz had graduated into nothing more than a ridiculously jumpy organization.

Since the public found it much easier to follow the melody played by the brass ensembles they soon lost all interest in the Negro combos; therefore the white bands soon gained a greater popularity. In a very short time the orchestra leaders realized that the majority of the public liked the melodies. Then the orchestra leaders began offering melodies which they hoped might become hits and played with the sentimental sweet-

ness of a waltz. They even added a violin section to achieve a sweeter interpretation. Thus commercial bands and melodies were born.

Nevertheless, jazz did not die. Many New Orleans musicians left Chicago and began touring the United States. Others moved to New York, some to the west coast, and so on all over America.

Until 1935 the only jazz which had any wide popularity was commercial jazz. True jazz had only a small part of the public's popularity. At this time a new form of jazz was introduced called swing which was introduced by the "King of Swing," Benny Goodman. Immediately the white and Negro groups turned their ensembles into swing groups.

From that date to the present day jazz has progressed by leaps and bounds. Large bands such as "Woody Herman" and "Stan Kenton" have introduced a new type of jazz. It is a progressive jazz which includes new sounds such as rhythmic accenting, screaming trumpets, and powerful saxophone sections. Jazz is advancing rapidly, a great deal faster than most people think. Soon there will be no "in-the-middle" bands. There will be either commercial bands or progressive bands.

It is the common belief that jazz is dying. The public wants a much sweeter organization. That is true to a certain extent; but rather jazz will change from one phase to another. It is fantastically impossible to predict what type of jazz the public will be listening to in another ten years.

Keith Warner, 13B.

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HEAD PREFECTS

Joan O'Flanagan, Mr. Fox (teacher-in-charge), Harry Pickthall.

### ALUMNI

During their last year at Kennedy, the graduating class of '46 suffered a great deal of criticism. The teachers shook their heads pessimistically over the prospects of "those childish fifth formers." But in spite of the hopeless situation the students settled down during the last few months and most of them successfully completed their year. The majority of the graduates showed their undying love for their old home town by remaining in or near Windsor.

Assumption—Sherwood McKay, Peter Savat-sky, Jim Graves, Jim Soteros, Joe Szabo, Carl Zalev, Floyd Zalev, Ed Hallewick, Bill Saville, Doug Turner, Murray Hofstetter, Peter Boyer, John Lusk, Jack Ryan.

Holly Names—Shirley Knox, Madelaine Bear, Charlotte Peterson, Rae Robertson.

Normal—Shirley Thompson, Pearl Thomson, Audrey Milligan, Edith Stenman, Josephine La Rosa.

Nursing—Joan Pollock, Bessie Storm, Audrey Humphries, Peggy Turton, Bev Smith.

Vocational—Winnie Leal, Jean Dell, Eileen Burns.

Business College—Betty Souliere, Shirley Purden, Rosemary Heath.

Western—Ed Blair, Everton Morris.

U. of D.—Ron Marley, Nastasia Sitar, Bob Hladoki.

D.I.T.—Tom Ledgley, Lawrence Hicks, Eugene Hardy.

Bell Telephone—Evelyn Humphries, Harold Meneghine, Betty Peterson.

Bank—Maurice Heino, Bill Ogle, John Mortimer, Bill Ruttie.

Pharmacy—Wilhelmine Best, Jennie Paidowski.

Guelph Agricultural College—Neil Campbell.

Toledo Scales—Bill Alexander.

Salesgirl—Joanne Ruttie.

Trucking—John Theil.

Marion Grant.

### IDEAL KENNEDY GIRL

|                           |                     |
|---------------------------|---------------------|
| Hair.....                 | Joyce Fenn          |
| Eyes.....                 | Katherine Zeides    |
| Smile.....                | Pat Lewis           |
| Complexion.....           | Pat Dougherty       |
| Figure.....               | Pat Hemple          |
| Personality.....          | Helen Louise Boyton |
| Clothes.....              | Jo-Anne Beger       |
| Energy.....               | Jean Saville        |
| Legs.....                 | Joyce Lavery        |
| Dancing.....              | Kay Howard          |
| All Around Ideal Girl.... | Katherine Zeides    |
| Brains.....               | Leona Neville       |

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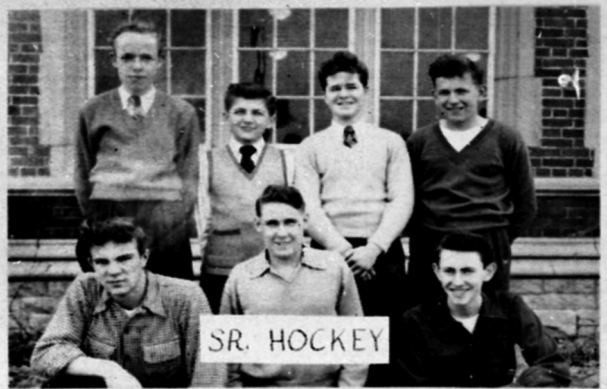
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MIDGET



JUNIOR



# 1947 Graduates

## Harry Pickthall

A: Tall, lean and hunk-headed  
 W: Mr. Fox's jokes  
 F. S.: I give up. What is it?  
 P. P.: Anton's Biology notes  
 1957: Pickthall, Birks and Sons

## Nora McCullough

A: Très spicy  
 F. S.: I won't give up  
 P. P.: School dances  
 W: Wilma's boy friends  
 1957: Got one of my own

## Jack Wright

A: Cute  
 W: Cars  
 F. S.: Way to hop  
 P. P.: Living  
 1957: Wright's Wrecking

## Robert Crowder

A: Carefree  
 W: Assemblies  
 F. S.: I rather think so  
 P. P.: 35 inmates reading lunch paper  
 1957: Crowder's Bus Lines

## Dale Rose

A: Wide-eyed  
 F. S.: Look, Pa, No hands!  
 P. P.: No gas  
 W: Jet propulsion  
 1957: Scooter

## Ian Howie

A: Shy  
 W: A little thing in life  
 F. S.: I missed that last bus  
 P. P.: Walking  
 1957: His own little things



## Kenneth Smookler

A: Lower Slobbovian  
 W: Fantastic stories  
 F. S.: SIR!!! ?? CX==?  
 P. P.: Teachers who won't answer his questions  
 1957: Mr. Smookler, B.A., Ph.D., M.A., M.D., D.D.S., etc.

## Douglas Lucas

A: Dizzy  
 W: Mario's waitresses  
 F. S.: I did not  
 P. P.: Crowder  
 1957: Luke's lab

## Volaine Rilett

A: Robust  
 F. S.: How should I know  
 P. P.: My English marks  
 W: To graduate  
 1957: Give me time

## Robert Peterson

A: Married  
 W: Joanne  
 F. S.: Where's my wife?  
 P. P.: Joanne's little brother  
 1957: Peterson's Pharmacy

## William Flewelling

A: Sly  
 W: Muscles  
 F. S.: One class this afternoon  
 P. P.: Ford Girls' Office Team  
 1957: Flewelling's Service Station

## Laura Steinhart

A: Timid  
 F. S.: FnFF!!  
 P. P.: Opening her eyes  
 W: Have more back bone  
 1957: Jelly fish

KEY—A.: APPEARANCE; F. S.: FAVOURITE SAYING; W.: WEAKNESS; P. P.: PET PEEVE.

## 1947 Graduates

**William Lewis**

A.: Unbelievable  
 W: Amherstburg  
 F. S.: Draw me a picture  
 P. P.: Shoes  
 1957: Lewis Trucking

**Marjorie Woods**

A: Fiery  
 F. S.: And then we talked for hours  
 P. P.: Keith's drums  
 W: Brunette  
 1957: Baldy

**William Lukacs**

A: Purky  
 W: Flossie  
 F. S.: When I'm in the dark room  
 P. P.: Lights in a dark room  
 1957: Photographer's model

**James Spurgeon**

A: Spic and span  
 W: Bruce Avenue  
 F. S.: Jean's dad is gone away  
 P. P.: Joan  
 1957: Windsor Rockets

**Martin Beres**

A: Sad  
 W: Lemonade  
 F. S.: Who has his Latin done?  
 P. P.: Playing girls' basketball  
 1957: Bere's Bitter Brew

**Catherine Steer**

A: What'll she do next?  
 F. S.: Good O  
 P. P.: Roundabouts  
 W: Find someone who isn't going steady  
 1957: Old maid

**James Kreski**

A: Sunny  
 W: Long hair  
 F. S.: Pass the ball to me  
 P. P.: Guy who doesn't pass  
 1957: Still waiting for ball

**Joan O'Flannagan**

A: Roguish  
 F. S.: Dreamer  
 P. P.: Little men  
 W: Sorority-Rented cottages  
 1957: Well-Chaperoned

**James Reaume**

A: Wide-awake  
 W: Forest and Stream  
 F. S.: I'll have a pouch  
 P. P.: Cigars  
 1957: Reaume's Smoke Shop

**Marilyn Dark**

A: Favourable  
 F. S.: Oh Cripe!  
 P. P.: Jackie's bangs  
 W: Ex-ray technicians  
 1957: Seeing the light

**Charles Kemp**

A: Coy  
 W: Mr. Walter's History  
 F. S.: Miss Gray told me  
 P. P.: Teachers  
 1957: English teacher

**Faga Blitstein**

A: So mysterious  
 F. S.: Gee, you're stupid  
 P. P.: Boys who brag  
 W: Marry a rich fellow  
 1957: "Apple Annie"

**Walter Prince**

A: Princely  
 W: Princesses  
 F. S.: I'm going to London  
 P. P.: Cheer-leading  
 1957: Still in London

**Marilyn McLerie**

A: Sultry  
 F. S.: Oh no!!  
 P. P.: Frenchmen  
 W: Off the shoulder jobs  
 1957: Turtle neck sweaters



# 1947 Graduates

## Dewey Grant

A: Sneaky  
W: Saying Ben's name  
F. S.: Doesn't talk  
P. P.: Drugstore Cowboys  
1957: Grant's Rest Home

## Roth Rowles

A: Alive  
W: Poetry  
F. S.: Want to play a set  
P. P.: Hockey rinks  
1957: Mic Mac League

## Florence Modlinsky

A: Independent  
F. S.: But, I still don't understand  
P. P.: School  
W: Latin clashes  
1957: I passed

## Bob Buckner

A: Wild  
W: Chatham  
F. S.: Heavens to Betsy!  
P. P.: Smookler  
1957: Riggs and Buckner Sporting Equipment

## Patricia Dougherty

A: Quiet  
F. S.: Lovely, lovely  
P. P.: Mr. Fox's ties  
W: Stationary engineer  
1957: Still standing

## Robert Little

A: Excited  
W: Christmas Plays  
F. S.: But Mr. Deagle—  
P. P.: Physics  
1957: But Mr. Deagle—

## Margaret Steele

A: Dreamy  
F. S.: My goodness  
P. P.: Black rings from boots  
W: Small towns like Rodney  
1957: In a smaller one yet



## Jacqueline Eagen

A: Flirtatious  
F. S.: I did not  
P. P.: Spurgeon and Howie  
W: Chesterfield Rugby  
1957: Raising football players

## Ruth Turner

A: Mischievous  
F. S.: Slur-r-r  
P. P.: English Compositions  
W: Talking fast  
1957: Broken jaw

## Douglas Worrell

A: Educated  
W: Jackson Park  
F. S.: I'm late Mr. Ryan  
P. P.: Jackie  
1957: Still late

## Edith Chambers

A: Very friendly  
F. S.: Don't you dare  
P. P.: Forbidden topics  
W: Airplanes  
1957: Ferry Pilot

## Wally Kawaski

A: Irish  
W: Public school math  
F. S.: When I lived in B.C.  
P. P.: Hills  
1957: Mountain climber

## Barbara Arnott

A: Convincing  
F. S.: Darling  
P. P.: Shy men  
W: Dramatic Actress  
1957: Starving to death

## Gerald McIsaac

A: Sleepy  
W: Sleeping till noon  
F. S.: Let's go to Mario's  
P. P.: Getting up at 9  
1957: McIsaac's Driving Park

## 1947 Graduates

**Jo-Anne Beger**

A: Pert  
 F. S.: You little rascall  
 P. P.: Chemistry fiends  
 W: Peek under Harriet's bangs  
 1957: Ye gods !!!

**Robert Christie**

A: Clean-shaven  
 W: Barbers  
 F. S.: Well I guess  
 P. P.: Straight razors  
 1957: Christie's Barber Shop

**Harriet Ezra**

A: Can't tell  
 F. S.: Oh gee!  
 P. P.: Hill Billy music  
 W: To say what I mean  
 1957: Broadcasting a wrestling match

**Henry Simola**

A: Superman  
 W: Singing in the bathtub  
 F. S.: What is a girl?  
 P. P.: Girl guides  
 1957: Simola's Body Builders

**Wilma Crawford**

A: Blondie  
 F. S.: No guff  
 P. P.: Modern dancing  
 W: Nursing  
 1957: Woman in white

**Benjamin Pidperythora**

A: Genius  
 W: My last name  
 F. S.: P<sup>2</sup> sir  
 P. P.: Pronouncable last names  
 1957: Joe Pidperythora

**Dorothy Hanes**

A: Angelic  
 F. S.: The college men are home  
 P. P.: Parties  
 W: Dancing  
 1957: Third from the End

**Donald Ellis**

A: Quiet  
 W: Grade X  
 F. S.: Pas ici  
 P. P.: Anton Moscal  
 1957: Mr. Ellis, Zoologist

**Nancy Garnier**

A: Cheerful  
 F. S.: That's just peachie  
 P. P.: New Year's Eve  
 W: Comedienne  
 1957: Raising corn

**Arnold Lindquist**

A: Book-worm  
 W: Belle River Dock  
 F. S.: Let's go duck hunting  
 P. P.: Old Comrades  
 1957: Moved to Puce

**Margaret Blair**

A: Innocent  
 F. S.: Really!  
 P. P.: Emma's boy friends  
 W: Lights out  
 1957: Wearing dark glasses

**Tony Moscal**

A: The morning after  
 W: First period spares  
 F. S.: Sorry, I don't take English  
 P. P.: The Little Brown Jug (empty)  
 1957: Moscal's Mausoleum

**Hope Arnott**

A: Carefree  
 F. S.: I nearly died laughing  
 P. P.: Mr. Fox's marking scheme  
 W: Foreign Correspondent  
 1957: Co-respondent

**Keith Warner**

A: Eager  
 W: Red Hair  
 F. S.: I heard a terrific record  
 P. P.: Geometry  
 1957: Mathematics Wizard



# 1947 Graduates

## Richard Jones

A: Wolfish  
W: Lanspeary  
F. S.: Not today girls  
P. P.: Physics problems  
1957: Mr. Deagle's assistant

## Leona Neville

A: Petit  
F. S.: I beat you  
P. P.: Dumb kids  
W: More and more subjects  
1957: Encyclopaedia

## Julius Gladys

A: Laughing Boy  
W: Burning Hane's dresses  
F. S.: I'll get a point yet  
P. P.: Alice  
1957: Mr. Gladys, D.D.S.

## Richard Lanspeary

A: Jonesy  
W: Twins  
F. S.: Is this Trig, Miss Vrooman?  
P. P.: Fairy stories  
1957: Lanspeary's candy-bar

## Walter Kindiak

A: ?  
W: The "Boys"  
F. S.: I shouldn't have taken that last one  
P. P.: The life of Homer  
1957: Ford's Foundry

## Aletta Knapper

A: Meatless  
F. S.: Oh boy! I gained another ounce  
P. P.: Paint in my hair  
W: Hershey bars  
1957: Mme. Butterball

## Carson Elford

A: Looks like ----!  
W: Sweaters  
F. S.: Don't hand us that  
P. P.: Doing homework in cafeteria  
1957: Elford's Knitting Mills



## Jean Saville

A: Real cute  
F. S.: Gee, I laughed  
P. P.: Hot dogs  
W: A shy boy  
1957: Goodbye Mr. Gilbert

## Sydney Eisen

A: Diplomatic  
W: Chess  
F. S.: Why couldn't I think of that?  
P. P.: Stumped on a question  
1957: Eisen's Encyclopaedia

## Marion Grant

A: Aloof  
F. S.: Sneak  
P. P.: Two lumps of sugar  
W: Eyes that tell  
1957: Hard-boiled reporter

## Barry Strickland

A: Disgusted  
W: Nurses at Grace Hospital  
F. S.: My wife did . . .  
P. P.: Tex  
1957: Strickland's Flower Shop

## Audrey Wheeler

A: Coy  
F. S.: Oh, bananas!  
P. P.: Turned up noses  
W: A watch man  
1957: How time flies

## John Hagman

A: Shorty  
W: Tall girls  
F. S.: Don't go to Smith's  
P. P.: Small girls  
1957: Hagman's Horse Hacienda

## Lois Peterson

A: Reserved  
F. S.: Diamonds are another form of carbon  
P.P.: Parents who stay up late  
W: Have a lot of little "ones"  
1957: Raising chickens

## Commercial Grade

### Dorothy Irene Dobbyn

A: Happy-go-lucky  
F. S.: Strictly corn!  
W: Coca Cola Company  
1957: Cover girl  
P. P.: 1957

### Catherine Graszl

A: Sunny  
F. S.: Golly  
W: New York  
1957: Going strong  
P. P.: Don

### Joyce Geraldine Thomas

A: Sarcastic  
F. S.: Ye gads  
W: Pineapple milk shakes  
1957: You guess, we can't  
P. P.: Dickie

### Edith Ellen Perrin

A: Diluted  
F. S.: Censored  
W: St. Thomas  
1957: Social Secretary  
P. P.: Vet's Grill

### Barbara Joan Hayward

A: Freckles  
F. S.: Didju ever hear this story?  
W: Jokes  
1957: Comedian  
P. P.: Shorthand



### Bertha Trupp

A: Pixilated  
F. S.: I don't know  
W: Music  
1957: Career woman  
P. P.: Men

### Susanna Marie Binder

A: Innocent, but!  
F. S.: Well I guess  
W: To attend Assumption  
1957: Teacher at Assumption  
P. P.: Orla's jokes

### Helen Cecile Zawadski

A: Fair  
F. S.: Wholly Mackerel  
W: Report cards  
1957: Cartoonist  
P. P.: Rehearsals

### Barbara Anne Siegner

A: Jolly  
F. S.: Hi Beautiful!  
W: Prince Fuff  
1957: Opera Star  
P. P.: So help me, Barbara

KEY—A.: APPEARANCE; F. S.: FAVOURITE SAYING; W.: WEAKNESS; P. P.: PET PEEVE.

## Commercial Grads

### Ada Theresa Morettin

A: Angelic  
F. S.: My hair is so straight  
W: Curly hair  
1957: Beauty operator  
P. P.: Speeches

### Norma Louise Bortolotti

A: Impish  
F. S.: Got holes in your head?  
W: Ted  
1957: So you're wondering too  
P. P.: Exams

### Christina June Cunningham

A: Shy  
F. S.: Jeepers  
W: Hollidays  
1957: Follies  
P. P.: Studies

### Flora Kelso

A: Bright eyes  
F. S.: Pleeceze  
W: Bobs  
1957: Bookkeeper  
P. P.: Dentists

### Ulla Betty Lou Wikman

A: Glamour plus  
F. S.: Stop!!  
W: Mr. Walter  
1957: World's champion typist  
P. P.: Acting

### Mida Mary Miliucci

A: Appealing  
F. S.: I don't even know him  
W: 11B  
1957: Finally been introduced  
P. P.: Basketball

### Genevieve Lucille Mazurek

A: Wreckless  
F. S.: Eventually  
W: Forster  
1957: Mazurek's Gum Factory  
P. P.: Evan's Drug Store



### Isobel Irene Warren

A: Sleepy  
F. S.: You think so  
W: St. George Dances  
1957: Mrs. Bond  
P. P.: Art

### Dorothy Mae Switzer

A: Natural  
F. S.: What's the hurry?  
W: Hugh Beaton Dances  
1957: Baby sitter  
P. P.: Long distance calls

### Kumiko Mary Kawasaki

A: Dark eyes  
F. S.: Don't be silly  
W: British Columbia  
1957: Private secretary  
P. P.: Lunch hours

### Orla Marilyn Murray

A: Sweet  
F. S.: Hey Sue, here's one  
W: Getting to school on time  
1957: Ask Jimmy  
P. P.: Brushcuts

### Ruth Evelyn McCloskey

A: Curly  
F. S.: Come again  
W: Exams  
1957: Work—maybe  
P. P.: Supplementary reading

### Mary Theresa Curti

A: Exotic  
F. S.: You stupid egg  
W: Butterscotch sundaes  
1957: Soda jerk  
P. P.: Joan's wit

### Helen Margaret Sohlman

A: Business like  
F. S.: I don't know  
W: Certain man in 13A  
1957: Confidential Secretary  
P. P.: Dishes



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## Short Stories

### NECESSITY KNOWS NO LAW

#### (A Legend)

"Tomorrow you must depart, never to return." The words of the venerable chieftain rang in his ear, like the steady beat of ceremonial drums. "Never to return."

"He lived, many centuries ago, in a valley situated in the heart of South America. This valley was surrounded by mountains, which, according to the elders of his tribe, housed the mighty sun god. The sun god was the greatest influence in the life of every tribesman. It was he who protected the valley from all outsiders, granted wisdom, and provided all necessities of life.

Disaster threatened. For eight long weeks the sun god had sent rain. The crops had been beaten to the ground. Famine was inevitable. This rainy season was an annual event. Each year brought a more plentiful, more violent rain, and each year the old chief would gather the elders and wise-men of the tribe together to try to find some means of appeasing the sun god's anger.

The decision had been made. It was decided that the most perfect specimen of boyhood should be sacrificed to the sun god. He was to be perfect in mind and body. A boy was chosen and trained by each elder in his own particular skill. He was wise, athletic, skilled in woodlore, an excellent hunter, an astronomer, and an artist. In brief, he was the culmination of all knowledge.

"You will save your people, but you must depart never to return." These fateful words haunted him as he walked for the last time through the land that he loved. He walked for some time not knowing where to turn, and thinking only of the dreaded ceremony which would soon take place. The fields were covered with the matted crops, and through the mist a faint glimmer could be discerned. Was the sun god showing his pleasure? Would he save the crops? Shortly the light grew brighter, and as the sun looked down on his valley he saw the boy in his excessive grief.

"What a pity it is that such a beautiful child should be lost from the earth for evermore. I must prevent this," he said.

Then the sun sent a ray down to the boy. On glancing up, he saw the sun smile and say, "Run away, my child. Do not weep. You are not going to die."

The boy looked around him. But a few paces away were the heralds who were approaching to carry him back to the village.

"Run, my child, run," repeated the god. He looked back once more, and fear seized him. He flew towards the mountain, away from his pursuers. Up, up he climbed.

"Save me! Save me!" he panted.

Were they gaining? He clambered recklessly from crag to crag. He glanced back. Would it not

be better to yield?

"Just a little farther," the voice pleaded. At this moment the sun burst forth in all his glory. He seized the terrified boy and hurled him up through space. Up, up, he soared. Then a voice thundered out:

"No sacrifice shall you offer me. This, my people, is an offering to you and to the whole world. This boy, a wonder on earth, shall not be lost to earth. He shall shine on you for evermore, from this night onward. He shall be called, "Moon."

Edith M. Chambers, 13B.

### A CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT

A shiny coin flipped through the air and landed softly in the bottom of the crippled newspaper vendor's worn cap. That coin, which had bought Jack Daunt a newspaper, was the last nickel he had to his name. Jack Daunt was in urgent need of a job. The money that he had earned as a guide for a hunting expedition up the Amazon had only lasted him a month in New York. He had spent it foolishly, haunting night clubs and other places of low repute, but he did not regret it, being the kind of person who craved excitement just as an alcoholic craves liquor. His very appearance testified to this. His short sinewy body had a dashing cut to it and his eyes seemed to have fiery dancing sparks in them. His were not the qualities of a man who is content with an everyday, humdrum existence.

Quickly he opened the newspaper and located the want-ad section. His eye travelled up and down the long columns of small print that were divided up into boxes of numerous sizes. Suddenly his eye stopped and was glued to an ad which seemed to stand out as if it were a neon sign amongst the others. Silently he read the ad to himself: "Wanted: Young man with no family obligations or ties. Must be intelligent, in good physical condition, five and one-half feet or less tall, and must not weigh more than one hundred and fifty pounds. See Mr. Zero, 13 Deadend street. Use side entrance." This ad intrigued him. The qualifications were made to order but why were they so strange? The more he thought about it, the more he wanted to see what this was all about. Carefully folding the newspaper up he thrust it into the pocket of his sports jacket. After receiving directions from a friendly policeman he set out for Deadend street on foot.

Night had fallen when he finally reached the district in which 13 Deadend street was located. The moon overhead gliding through the clouds seemed awesome and unreal. Tenement houses and boarded-up warehouses cast sombre shadows. There was no sign of life save for a slinking alley cat whose black shape emerged from one shadow only to melt into another. Turning

his footsteps around a corner he found himself on Deadend Street and there before him he saw in the moonlight the number thirteen on a tall blacked-out house. Jack opened the small squeaky picket gate and walked around to the side of the house. His soft knocks on the door seemed to thunder like kettle drum beats and echo and re-echo through the grey buildings round about. Slowly the door opened and he was blinded by the glare of a powerful torch which went over him from head to foot. Blinking his eyes, he looked and saw that the light was held in the hand of an old man with a wizened and bespectacled face.

"Mr. Zero?" Jack asked.

"Yes, yes . . . come in quickly," replied the man. Once inside, he was led down a flight of steps to a dimly-lit room which had the appearance of an office. Seating himself opposite Jack, Mr. Zero observed him quite closely for a few moments and then said, "You are here about the advertisements in the newspaper, are you not?"

To which Jack replied with a nod.

"You seem to be all right. Follow me," ordered the stranger.

Jack got up and mechanically did as he was told. The old man pressed a button, much the same as one rings for the elevator, and suddenly a part of the wall slid open. He motioned Jack to enter. When Jack looked inside the opening he was met with a fantastic sight. Below him was a huge laboratory with its walls covered with scientific apparatus. In the middle of this room was a steel tube as wide as the trunk of a California Redwood. This tube ran perpendicularly from the floor to the ceiling of the room and had a door one-third the way up which was reached by a steel ladder. Mr. Zero led Jack down the concrete steps into the laboratory proper. What was this all about? Hundreds of unanswered questions ran through his reeling head.

"You look puzzled," said the old man softly. "I will explain. This is my humble laboratory in which I have been working steadily now for ten years and the fruit of my labour is in that steel tube which you see over there. I need your services in order to complete my plans. You are of the right size and physical condition and have no worldly ties."

This last statement caused a curious twinge in Jack.

"That is all that I will reveal now," pursued the old man, "except that you will receive five thousand dollars in advance for your services." He handed Jack an envelope which contained five one thousand dollar bills. "Now let us get down to business. Follow me up this ladder." Then he mounted the ladder and climbed it with relative ease for an old man. Once at the top he opened the door in the side of the steel tube. This door gave way to still another door which led into a small circular compartment that was lit up by a pale blue light. This compartment contained numerous dials and gauges which Jack

began to examine with interest. Suddenly the doors were closed and Jack found himself alone in the compartment. He rushed to the door, but there was no way of opening it. Then he heard the voice of Mr. Zero coming over a loudspeaker which was hidden somewhere in the compartment.

"Now, I will tell you the rest. You are undoubtedly wondering where you are. That is the cabin of a rocket ship which is aimed for the moon. In a few minutes I will release the lever that will set its rocket engines into action. The tube that the rocket is placed in goes to the top of the house. You will be expelled from the tube at a speed ten times that of sound. This is due to the fact that the rocket is small with just enough room for you in proportion to the size of its power plant. You will reach the moon in five days according to my calculations. I will be in control of the flight of the rocket when it reaches the moon, and will bring it to a landing by means of remote control and radar direction. When you reach the moon and have landed, you will study the surrounding area by means of a telescopic view-plate and will take down all data of what you see. You will also take pictures with the motion picture camera which you will find behind the large door marked 'Photo.' You will do all this if you wish to return back to earth. I will be able to tell if you have done all this by means of a television which I have hidden in your compartment and which will record your every move. Provisions are also on board located in the closet marked 'Proviso'."

With that last statement Jack heard a rumbling below him and suddenly felt himself pushed back against the back of the compartment. With

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a quivering lurch the rocket started on its way. Jack strapped himself into the cockpit chair and looked out of one of the portholes at the flashing stars that were skimming like meteors gone mad. As he was leaning over, the newspaper fell out of his pocket and tumbled open at the ad that had first got him into this predicament. Jack Daunt was in a situation that he could not cope with for the first time in his life. He was helpless in the hands of that smoothly-talking, hypnotic Mr. Zero. Suddenly as he watched out the porthole he saw a huge dark shape looming up in the path of the rocket. What was going to happen now? Could Mr. Zero see the impediment and veer the rocket off its course enough to miss it, or would it be a collision? Beads of cold sweat began to form on his brow. He had had excitement in varying degrees before, but now he had reached the pinnacle of it. Closer and closer came that black looming mass and the rocket had not changed its course. Then everything went black and Jack felt himself falling, falling, falling through a vast dark silence.

Jack opened his eyes. But what was this? There was no wreckage! Instead, he saw green forest all about him and then his eyes came to rest on a dark-skinned face peering down at him. It asked: "Are you hurt, bwana Jack?" The face belonged to Wambi, his native gun-bearer, and he, himself, was not dead in empty space but lying in a heap on the cool moss on the banks of the Amazon. He had dozed off and had fallen out of his hammock into the present position he was in. An old "Startling Science" pulp-paper magazine lay crumbled under him opened at a story titled: "Wanted: One Scientific Guinea Pig."

Henry Simola.

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## A WEEK BEYOND THE GRAVE

Henry Fogg was an apartment house janitor. Everyone who met Henry loved him immediately. He was a skinny little man who barely tipped the scales at one hundred and ten pounds. His pale blue eyes were encircled by round silver-rimmed glasses, and his head was covered by silky white hair. A kindly, artistically wrinkled face arose from one end of his shrivelled neck; a pair of drooping bony shoulders hung from the other end. But, in spite of his frail appearance, Henry's sinewy arms and gnarled hands enabled him to carry on his work successfully.

And Henry had a wife. Her name was Matilda, which was the only name that would have suited such a woman. She was a short, plump, pleasant old lady with a grey knot on top of her head. Matilda did all the things that a proper wife would do; then sat in her rocking chair and knitted. She loved Henry, but Henry did not love her. He married her when he was past forty, because he was becoming very tired of his own cooking.

Henry had decided to become a janitor when he was six years old. When his teacher had asked the little boys what they were going to be when they grew up, they all said that they would be doctors, lawyers, or engineers; that was, all the little boys except Henry. Henry said he was going to be a janitor, because he didn't like his teacher, and he hoped that his decision would startle her.

When Henry's father died, he left enough money for Henry to live in luxury without working. Henry applied for the position of janitor and rented the basement apartment of a three-storeyed apartment house. As he stood meekly in a doorway, taking orders from one of the tenants, he liked to think, "I could own this building if I wanted to, and you would be dependent on me to supply you with new wallpaper."

The apartment house was crowded with people, as apartment houses generally are. Henry despised all of them, especially those on the third floor. The widow on the top floor buzzed at least once a day for Henry to move some furniture or to tighten a screw. Henry would trudge up the three flights of stairs. Arriving at her door with a tired smile, he would droop his shoulders even closer to his body.

"Oh, Henry, I hate to bring you all the way up here, but my doorknob is loose. You must be terribly tired—all those stairs. I'll make you some tea while you are fixing the door."

Henry wasn't tired and he hated her tea which was always too bitter. Donning a brave smile, he said, "It's no trouble, ma'am. I'd be very happy to fix it. Henry's pale blue eyes were soft, but to himself he was saying, "I wish the doorknob had come off when you were pulling the door open. You would have made a thunderous crash when your over-stuffed body fell back."

"Henry, you are so good to us. I don't know what we would do without you."

Henry bowed slightly. "Thank you, ma'am." Inwardly he said, "Frankly, I don't know what you would do without me either."

And so it was wherever Henry went. The children adored him. They watched him work and followed him around the building. He patted them on the head and smiled benevolently like a minister, but he detested them. He wanted to tangle Susie's long natural curls, and stuff paper into Junior's constantly shouting mouth.

Then one morning Henry was found lying in front of the furnace. Matilda fainted as a sympathetic wife should. When the doctor came, he said that Henry had taken a stroke while lifting a heavy shovel-load of coal.

Opening his eyes slowly, Henry found himself lying in his bed. Matilda sat on a chair beside him, anxiously regarding his face. Henry wanted to tell her to go away because she made him uncomfortable looking at him like that, but he couldn't talk. Matilda scolded him gently for having lifted such a heavy shovel of coal.

The tenants all came to enquire about Henry. Matilda whispered the doctor's diagnosis to them. Henry knew they would go shaking their foolish heads and clacking their tongues sympathetically. He wanted to laugh at them, because he knew he wasn't sick. He just couldn't move or talk.

Henry's eyes closed again in spite of his efforts to keep them open. When Matilda asked him how he felt, there was no answer. She phoned for the doctor. The doctor said that Henry was in a coma, which was a very dangerous thing for Henry to be in. A big black ambulance carried poor Henry to the hospital. They placed him in a white bed. His little body hardly made a bump under the covers. The doctor told Matilda that Henry might not recover. Everyone comforted her and praised poor dear Henry's merits.

And what was Henry doing? He wasn't lying unconscious in the hospital. At least he did not think he was. He was walking along a straight white road which was bordered by bare fields. At the end of the road was the horizon. Henry had always wanted to see the horizon. He continued to walk. Suddenly two figures arose from the end of the road and began walking towards him. As they drew near, he could see that they were two men. One was wearing a flowing white gown; the other, a bright red suit. They stopped at a crossroad and waited for Henry.

Poor old Henry's legs began to tremble. He could not even think of anything to sneer at.

"Henry Fogg," the two voices called in unison. Their deep hollow shout vibrated the air.

Henry lowered his head reverently and clasped his knotted hands in front of him. He drew his shoulder blades together and hoped he appeared inconspicuous. "Yes, sirs. I am Henry Fogg." His voice was a feeble whisper.

Saint Peter stepped forward. "Henry, you are a problem. You have a kindly face, you speak gently, and you help others, but all that is on the sur-

face. Underneath, you are a nasty cynical old man. You have never liked anyone, even your wife Matilda. You are a rich man, but you have led people to believe otherwise, so that you can laugh at their sympathy. You are not righteous enough for heaven."

Satan stepped forward. Henry's mild blue eyes peered at him over the rim of his glasses.

"Don't look at me like that, Henry. I can see behind your gentle face. You may have deceived mortals, but you won't succeed with me. I don't want you in Hell, because your wickedness is not my type, but your thoughts have condemned you. Follow me."

"Yes, sir."

Henry trotted meekly behind Satan. He laughed quietly to himself. What would Matilda and the tenants think if they knew he was going to hell?

"They wouldn't believe it," said Satan, looking over his shoulder.

Henry shuddered as the loud voice shattered the stillness. He had forgotten that Satan could read his mind.

The porters at the gates of Hell stared in surprise when they caught a glimpse of the little man who was following Satan.

"Don't let his face deceive you," said Satan to the porters. "He's a horrid little man."

The first thing that Henry had to do when he

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entered Hell was to go to the tailor. The tailor grinned fiendishly at Henry and rubbed his hands gleefully. "You should look stunning in your new suit. Come here you puny creature while I take your measurements."

When Henry's suit was completed, he paraded before the mirror. His angelic face looked out of place when it was surmounted by two horns and a tail—what did a person do with a tail? He draped it over his arm and looked in the mirror again. No, that would never do, as he would have to keep his arm bent continually to hold the tail. He let the tail drop to the floor again. He shrugged the extensions of his neck and walked out of the room. The tail slid along the floor behind him.

A long hall extended before him. As he proceeded down the hall he became very warm. At the end of the hall a door opened and a blast of hot air leapt out at him. When his eyes became accustomed to the reddish glow, he saw a tremendous room, full of hungry, gigantic furnaces. Before each furnace stood a man, dressed like Henry, who was shovelling coal. A foreman greeted Henry and handed him a long, black three-pronged fork.

"Your furnace is at the end of that row."

Henry walked down the row, sneering inwardly at everyone he passed. Finally he came to his furnace.

A short while later, Henry entered Satan's room. He walked quietly over to the king-devil who was seated at a table, and tapped him gently on the shoulder.

"Pardon me, sir, but I have three complaints to offer."

Satan whirled around angrily and snapped at Henry. "Oh you have, have you."

Henry stood his ground bravely. "Yes, sir."

"Well?" the big voice boomed.

"First, I am very hot; second, it is impossible

to shovel coal with a fork; third, there is no reason to keep the fires going in those furnaces, because they don't heat anything except the room that they are in."

Satan laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks. "Henry, you are the first person in all my years in hell who has reached those conclusions. You are much too smart to be here. If Saint Peter won't have you, I guess you will have to return to earth."

So Henry came out of his coma. Now you would think that Henry would have learned a lesson after spending a week in hell, but he didn't. He returned to his basement apartment and continued to despise everyone. He was more content to laugh at people than with them.

Marion Grant, 13B.

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## THE BETWITCHING HAT

### A Fantasy

Long, long ago when people were more credulous than they are today, they believed in magic. And, since they believed it, why, of course, it was so.

In the little forest country of Belgravia, a country lost in the mountains of Central Europe, magic was so common as to be normal. And, of course, many commonplace articles were enchanted as a matter of form. Such was the King's robe, such was his minister's shoe, and such was the kirtle of the goose-girl who was really a princess under a spell. The robe and the shoe fell into the hands of the cynical and shortly lost their powers but no one noticed the goose-girl's kirtle and it was passed from Belgravian to Belgravian merely as a skirt which would wear well and would please the wearer.

After many years it descended to the present and was discovered by a most unromantic pattern designer who was attracted by its "quaint, old-fashioned look. Why, it seems to suggest the very air one feels around one of your so-called 'enchanted' castles."

"But, Miss Whitehead, this has been in our family for generations. There's even a tradition that this skirt is enchanted."

"Bosh! What kind of enchantment could a skirt possibly have, even if such a thing were possible, which it isn't?"

"Well, 'tis said, ma'am, that whenever Belgravia is in trouble she will be helped most by the wearer of this skirt and that the wearer will be found to be a descendant of our greatest king."

"I still say bosh." And after arguing and bargaining for several hours Margaret Whitehead found herself the possessor of the kirtle of the goose-girl who was really an enchanted princess.

A short time later, after Margaret Whitehead had returned to America with her accumulated finds, she found herself at an Embassy Ball and noticed a handsome gentleman looking intently at her. Not to put too thick a gloss on it Margaret (Marg to her friends) found herself being called Marg by the handsome gentleman while she was herself calling him Herb (short for Herbert Miles Tareyton, a junior member of the United States diplomatic corps.) And indeed, they had much opportunity for familiarity, for it was noticed by many people that a fashionable pattern designer and a junior statesman were seeing a good deal of each other. And thus it came about that the goose-girl's kirtle was cut and stitched and broken down into several pieces to become finally a matching hat and skirt, part of the trousseau of Miss Margaret Whitehead.

Five years or so after the marriage a world war was unbridled and left to wander over the world. By the time it had been checked it had cropped a wide area and left the remaining stock weak. One day Mr. Tareyton could have been heard saying to Mrs. Tareyton, "I feel sorry for those poor

countries in Europe. They've fought their war and suffered for it and now that it's over they have come begging to us for a loan. This afternoon there's a debate on those loans and we'll probably have to vote on some of the appropriations. I think myself that the only one of those central European countries that are in any condition to use a loan properly is Moldavia."

"Oh, Herbert, that's not fair. I think myself that an industrial section like that doesn't need a loan so much as an agricultural district like, say, Belgravia where the crops have been ruined and the stock butchered."

And so the discussion would have continued if one of the senior members of the United States diplomatic corps (also known as the State Department) had not made a grab for his hat and coat and departed like the winds, laughing meanwhile at the presumption of a mere woman to hold an opinion contrary to his own on such a technical and debatable subject.

But that afternoon during the balloting when Herbert marked his ballot for Moldavia he looked up to the galleries and saw his wife, who was wearing the hat which had been made from the kirtle of the goose-girl who was really an enchanted princess—and he changed his ballot to read 'BELGRAVIA', and Belgravia won the ballot by a majority of one vote.

And so the spirit of a Belgravian king, affectionately known as Tete Blanche may have smiled and returned to his heavenly game of chess or the whole thing might have been the result of coincidence.

Or might it?

K. M. Smookler.



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## Poetry

### THE BABY

Mary was the baby  
With eyes of powder blue,  
Two bright rosy cheeks  
And curly hair too,  
A little pug nose  
And a saucy chin,  
That dimpled so nice  
Whenever she'd grin.  
The pet of the family  
And as sweet as could be,  
She filled all the hours  
For Daddy and Me.

Shirley McIntyre, 11D.

### WINTER

One morning awaking I found it was snowing;  
Outside it was cold and a brisk wind was blowing.  
I went to the window; a forest was there;  
An artist had painted a masterpiece rare.  
There were ferns, bushes, branches, and trees  
That seemed to be swayed by a very soft breeze.  
The breeze and the painter are not even real.  
Jack Frost is the painter; he paints a great deal.  
He rises at morning before it is light;  
You'd think by his paintings, he'd painted all night.  
They're beautiful paintings; he's doing his best  
To cover the windows, and make them look dressed.

Eleanor Weir, 11D.

### FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is a place in which  
Two people wish to dwell,  
Who have a joyful feeling true  
As deep as any well,  
Who understand each other's ways,  
In one another they take pride,  
And never think unhappy things  
But look on the brightest side.  
And they let nothing come between  
When trouble rules the road;  
They may with one another share  
The burdens of their load.  
And so to those unhappy souls  
Who seek a brighter day,  
Find in someone a true blue friend  
To help you on your way.

Kenneth Pickthall, 11D.

### THE NEW SHOP BOY

A new boy came int the Shop today:  
They say he's not too bright,  
And the only thing that he's good at  
Is starting up a fight.  
You'll have to watch him closely,  
It said upon the note;  
So I looked him over carefully  
As he hung up his coat.  
I started him off squaring stock  
Just like all the rest  
And gosh, did he seem happy  
Planing with a zest.  
I asked him how he liked the work  
When the period was through,  
And he told me "For the first time,  
I've found something I like to do."  
Perhaps I'll be "let down" by Bill;  
It's happened to me before;  
But I go for a boy who really tries  
And I never ask for more.

Mr. Day.

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**JUNIOR KENNEDY POETRY**

For the second time pages of the Kencoll have been reserved generously for a competition in poetry for the Junior School. Over forty manuscripts were submitted. To all contributors the Kencoll offers encouragement. The three of highest merit have been sifted from the mass. They were not quite all printable, but several writers showed the necessary "spark."

Poetry is an exciting, difficult craft, and it takes years of trying, reading and a sense of language.

"Rhyme and meter do not make a poem; they produce by themselves nothing but doggerel. The real flesh and blood of poetry lies in turns of phrases, vivid images, new and unusual thoughts and imaginative manners of expressing them."

**DREAMS  
First Prize**

Dreams are like cobwebs in a corner of life,  
Out of the realm of the everyday strife.  
Conscious and unconscious, each to its kind:  
Dreams of adventure by schoolboys designed,  
New worlds to conquer yet, oceans to cross;  
Vain dreams of power, the fool's show of dress;  
Dreams of new life and of hope for the world,  
Banners of wisdom by science unfurled.  
Every great book, deed, discovery it seems—  
Comes from the cobwebs of some mortal's dreams.

Eleanore Marie Kirkpatrick, 10A.

**AUTUMN FEVER  
Second Prize**

The whistle of the wind as it rushes through the trees,  
The drifting, steady, swishing sound of multi-coloured leaves,

Their green now turned to crimson the air now fresh and free,

'Tis hard to say in written words what Autumn means to me.

The gay, poetic laughter of children out to play,  
The farms all neat and cozy; behind the barn—mown hay.  
The shrubs all trimmed in Autumn to look their best for Spring,

The birds all chirping loudly, as to the south they wing.

Mitzi Koch, 10A.

**DAFFODIL  
Third Prize**

A lonely floweret by a stream,  
In pallid garments clad,  
Was wooed to rapture by a dream  
This was the dream she had:  
A sunbeam, lighting from the skies,  
Did her pale form enfold;  
He kissed her once, he kissed her twice,  
And lo! she turned to gold.  
She wakened with a rapturous sigh,  
That thrilled her being through  
And looking in a streamlet by,  
Behold! her dream was true.

Kaye Casley, 9B.

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## PUBLIC SPEAKERS

Junior Boys—Norm Walsh, Junior Girls—Sally Jeffery, Senior Girls—Ann Riggs, Senior Boys—Herbert Gray.

## PUBLIC SPEAKING

Again Kennedy Collegiate carried away top honours in the public speaking contests both for the city and Western Ontario.

The outstanding speaker of this year was Norman Walsh who won the W.O.S.S.A. junior boys' competition for his excellent speech "Is Canada Community Centre Minded?"

Herbert Gray was the W.S.S.A. champion and came in second in the senior boys W.O.S.S.A. contest with his speech entitled "Dieppe."

The senior girls W.S.S.A. contest was won by Ann Riggs with her speech "Now It Can Be Told." Ann tried hard for the W.O.S.S.A. but was defeated by a girl from Sarnia.

The speech entitled "The Telephone" won for Sally Jeffery second place in the W.S.S.A. competition.

All together Kennedy had a very successful year as far as oratory was concerned. Again we won three out of four City Honours and one W.O.S.S.A. medal.

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The time had arrived! The iron gate was flung open, and I was shoved mercilessly into the curving path, which led, I knew—to certain death. As the burning panic mounted, I turned to flee, but wild throngs of people closed in on all sides. Steel fingers, impatient with my hesitance, tightened in a tooth-like vice on my aching arm, and I stumbled forward—all courage dwindling. There before me, loomed a carriage of hell—its sleek black sides streaked with a fiery red. Stiffening, I set my chin rigidly, bit into my quivering lip, and descended into the deep recesses of the demon—awaiting to transport me to my destruction. The thing shuddered, made a start, paused as if in contemplation of the most tantalizing end, and lunged forward in hectic glee, gradually gaining speed. Down, down, down it swooped, the wind whistling by in mocking defiance. I clutched the rail, small beads of perspiration oozing from my forehead. Only once, did I venture to open an eye, and looking down, I saw a swirling mass of laughing faces. How long I sat, trembling in mortal terror, I do not know, but eventually the evil little car jolted to a sickening stop. Blinking with amazement, I stared at my companion. Was this mad journey over? He grinned in fiendish devilment, helped me out, and together we watched with interest. Setting off to a creaking start, the roller coaster, once again, gained speed.

Elinor Oberg, 10D.

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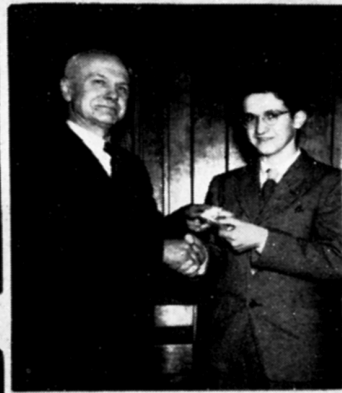
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THE  
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KENNEDY  
VS. SANDWICH



## SLANG

Is slang a good or a bad thing? On the positive side we have innumerable picturesque and vivid phrases, originally slang, that now enrich our language. Some are "mob," "tightwad," "okay," "chiseller," and "up to you." These express their idea much better than an ordinary stilted word.

On the negative side we have the silly meaningless expressions that everyone is saying. At the moment it is, "Open the door, Richard," a phrase every man named Richard has come to hate. How did this phenomenon occur? If anyone knew the answer to this riddle, he could acquire a fortune just by patenting the next expression that sweeps the country.

Psychiatrists say that it is a desire to be "in the know" and to be "up-to-date," that makes people take the newest slang to their hearts. This is illustrated by the prevalence of military slang during the war. Instead of "okay," we said "Roger" and a "date" became a "target for to-night."

One idea about slang we feel is over-done is the insistence of some to believe that every teen-ager is simply "reeking with it." Hollywood is the chief offender. Every musical comedy is full of heroes who are "hep" and "reet" or villains who are "ickies" and "squares." Does Canadian Youth really talk this way when uninhibited? We think not. It would be too much trouble to learn two languages, one for the initiated, and one for English class. It is a well known fact that young people are too lazy to do this.

From the "Twenty-three skiddoo" and "Oh, you kid" era up to "Kilroy was here," slang has lived violently and died violently. Slang has not been the only thing to do this. Ideas, fads, governments, and human beings also have perished. We do not regret their life; why regret slang's life? What is good will survive; what is bad will die.

Hope Arnott 13B.

## HIGHWAYS

Highways of all kinds lead  
To places far and near;  
If only we would heed  
Their call without a fear.

The lure of the highways is great,  
And may be felt by all,  
And wonderful is the fate  
Of those who hear their call.

Beauty of forest and hill,  
Beauty of river and plain,  
We travel on until  
We reach some friendly lane.

No matter where the highway  
Leads on, enjoy it all;  
We do not know the way  
By which our paths will fall.

Betty Shreve, 11D.

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**GREEN DOLPHINE STREET**

By Elizabeth Goudge

The charm of this delightful novel lies in its dual appeal. It offers excellent reading for those who not only appreciate adventure and sacrifice, but also for those who appreciate history. It cleverly weaves the history of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries around the lives and loves of the characters.

The novel has two distinct, but equally beautiful settings. The one is on the quaint, small granite island of St. Pierre, just off the southern coast of England, but not too far from France to have also been influenced by it. The other, in direct contrast to this, is set amidst the rugged grandeur of New Zealand. It is here that the greater part of the story takes place. New Zealand, with its vast wilds, and scattered settlements, seems to draw forth the very best in those struggling for existence.

For intricate character development, and breath-taking description, read *Green Dolphin Street*.

To add an interesting obstacle, the author introduces the age old triangle. Because of one error, the lives of two sisters and a doctor's son are completely changed.

Edith Chambers, 13B.

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**SO WELL REMEMBERED**

By James Hilton

"So Well Remembered" is the story of a man's fight for his ideals and convictions. It is also the story of England between wars and during a war. George Boswell loved Browdley, the English manufacturing town that had elected him its youngest councillor.

Mr. Hilton's knack of turning a phrase and painting a picture in words, with a few deft touches, cannot be surpassed. He is not glib and superficial as some of our modern writers. He gets to the root of things. From the gay to the sad, his every word, every sentence is right. Nothing can be taken away or added without destroying the whole.

"That day so well remembered—a day indeed, impossible to forget—was the first of September 1921." On that day, at thirty-five years of age, George discovered the unfaithfulness of his wife, and he saw the beginning of his slum clearance plan go into effect. Twenty odd years later George Boswell was mayor of Browdley, booming because of the war. His slum clearance plan had finally been completed, and George was a good friend of his former wife's son.

In *George Boswell*, James Hilton has depicted a character that we shall remember. George ranks with Mr. Chips as one of our great people of fiction. His lovable good nature and frank manner make him a man so life-like that we might expect him to step out of the pages and talk to us of Browdley—for Browdley was his passion.

Mr. Hilton's account of Livia, George's wife who "knew. She always knew . . .", the simple tale of Charles, her son and his love for Julie, the story of George's struggle, compose a novel we can never forget. "So Well Remembered" shall be remembered by all who read it.

Barbara Arnott.

**A BOOK REVIEW ON HIROSHIMA**

The atom-bombing of Hiroshima is the subject matter of John Hersey's new book "Hiroshima." It is a deep and moving tale which is related by a few of the stricken survivors. One of them, a Catholic priest, pulls skin in the shape of gloves from the hands of a woman as he helps her reach land. Another is a seamstress who is literally buried alive beneath the rubble of her home, but who lives to tell about it. It is written in very direct and simple language which conveys the ease with which the tale is told. The stark realism almost makes us see their true condition of utter helplessness and feel their anguish.

"Hiroshima" is the intensely human story of a little people in an ordinary city caught up in the fury of the mightiest destructive force yet discovered by man.

Catharine Steer 13B.

## Girls' Sports



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Front Row, left to right: Shirley McIntyre, Wanda Cichy, June Flavell, Janette Rewakoske, Violet Mack, Grace Knapper.

Back Row: Irene Yuhasz, Joyce Michener, Christine Tomczak, Miss Davis (Coach), Nancy Garnier (Captain), Syrel Sobel. ..(Absent: Arden Paisley).

Editor  
**VIOLET MACK**

Reporters  
**SHIRLEY McINTYRE MARY LESPERANCE**  
**PEGGY BUCK**

### BASKETBALL

The girls' basketball season got underway this year with an exhibition game against Patterson girls. This game ended in a tie. The girls also played Essex High—and beat them 30-12.

The first W.S.S.A. game was played against Walkerville. Although handicapped by the absence of Miss Davis, the acting coach, Miss Shaw, was presented with a decisive victory of 27-14. The next game was played at St. Joseph's and was won the hard way, by a close score of 25-23. The Riverside versus Kennedy game was won with ease, although Riverside played well for their first year in the league. The fourth game played against a confident Tech team saw the

Kennedy girls take their fourth consecutive victory by a score of 22-12. Our first loss was given to us by the Patterson girls by a score of 11-9. Our last game against the former W.O.S.S.A. winners saw Sandwich take the lead by beating our girls by a score of 18-12. Having reached the semi-finals our girls played Tech at the Patterson gym, and reached the finals by beating the Roughriders in a close 13-11 decision. The final game ended in an 18-8 victory for Sandwich.

It is to be especially noted that Miss Davis, in her three years at Kennedy has coached two teams into the semi-finals. We hope to see our girls bring back the W.O.S.S.A. championship next year.

Members of the team were: Nancy Garnier (captain), Christine Tomczak, Jeanette Rewakowski, Arden Paisley, Syrel Soble, and Grace Knapper as guards. Wanda Cichy, Shirley McIntyre, June Flavell, Irene Yuhasz, Joyce Michener, and Violet Mack as forwards.





GIRLS' SWIMMING TEAM

Front Row, left to right: Grace Fleming, Marion Leigh, Ann McCallum, Doris Crawford, Marion Nicholls, Mary Lesperance, Leona Neville, Margaret Lanspeary, Violet Mack, Jean Riggs.  
Rear Row: Betty Jean Read, Ann Hengl, Shirley Ledgley, Arden Paisley, Miss Shaw, Emma Blair, Nancy Garnier, Nancy Verwey, Joan O'Flanagan.

### SWIMMING

March 20th, the last day of winter, marked the interform swimming meet. In the senior free style Marian Nicholls easily took first place. Violet Mack placed first in the breast stroke, and Joan O'Flanagan took the back stroke. In the junior groups, Arden Paisley took both the free style and the back stroke, while Emma Blair placed first in the breast stroke.

A great deal of talent was exhibited by all the swimmers. The splendid turn out of all the girls deserves honourable mention.

#### Class Champions

9C, 10B, 11A and 13A were the winning class relay teams. The girls' interform champion class was 11A with 27 points.

#### Diving and Style

On March 24th the interform diving and style was held. The smoothness and grace of Joan O'Flanagan (Sr.) and Ann McCallum (Jr.) won them first place in the style competition. Distinct diving abilities were displayed by Nancy Garnier (Sr.) and Emma Blair (Jr.).

#### W.S.S.A. Diving and Style

Our girls certainly proved their ability in diving and style, by capturing two firsts and two seconds! Nancy Garnier captured the senior diving and Emma Blair placed second in the junior diving. Joan O'Flanagan placed first in the senior style, and Ann McCallum placed a close second. Nice going girls!



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### W.S.S.A. Swimming Meet

The swimming meet was held at Kennedy on April 2nd. Walkerville succeeded in snatching the championship away from our girls. From the very beginning of the meet there was keen rivalry between the Tartan girls and the Clippers. Although our girls put up a strong fight, the Tartans finally won out by a score of 51 to 46. Although we failed to retain our title this year, we can be reassured that our girls will be in there regaining it again next year!

### Life Saving

The life saving classes have been going on for about a month now. There are quite a few girls interested in life saving this year judging by the number coming out to the classes every Wednesday at 4 o'clock. A large group of girls are interested in trying for "Bronze Medallion." Girls trying for "Silver Medallion," have decreased from the number of girls trying it last year. All are doing their best to pass their life saving exam which will be coming along in a few weeks.

### The Coach

Miss Shaw, the new swimming coach, certainly has shown a great deal of enthusiasm and talent in coaching the girls this year. She has spent a great deal of her time and effort in trying to make more girls better swimmers.

### VOLLEY BALL

Volleyball league-games were not held as usual this year due to the delayed opening of school.

A "Playday" for all schools was held at Kennedy for both the junior and senior teams. Every one who participated in the games received a great deal of enjoyment as well as learning new skills.

Interform volleyball was held this year with a somewhat different method of playing off. After a great deal of keen competition, 11A and 9G finally came out as winners. 11A succeeded in snatching the championship from 9G by beating them in the final game by a score of 63-4. Nice work 11A!

### Track

The beautiful spring days are luring the Kennedy gals out to track practice once more. A large group of girls appeared at the first track practice, for "limbering-up" exercises. A great deal of enthusiasm was shown by everyone. There should be much keen competition among these girls. By the efforts and coaching of Miss Davis, the 1947 Kennedy Girls' Track Team is slowly taking shape into a great team. As usual, our girls will be trying their hardest to capture the W.S.S.A. Championship.

Violet Mack.



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## SENIOR FOOTBALL

Front Row, left to right: Henry Simola, Julius Gladius, Bob Buckner, Bill Light, Ian Howie, Gary O'Neil, Neil Campbell, Carl Deneau, Jack Soper.  
 Second Row: John Hagman, Jim Tisdale, Paul Deneau, Mike Dietrich (Captain), Doug Cock, Bob Scoren, Art Pennington, Steve Fancsy, Mr. Green (Coach), Jim Spurgeon, Arnold Lindquist, John Fejes, Walter Kindiak, Jim Gartshore.  
 Third Row: Mr. A. F. S. Gilbert (Principal), Ken Schott, Lionel Kuran, Les Cross, Bob Foote, Bill Jamieson, Ilka Oksanen.  
 Fourth Row: Doug Lucas, Ed Stefanczyk, Doug Buckner, Bob Forster, Stan Olecsiuk (First Aid).

## Boys' Sports

EDITOR—Michael Dietrich

Reporters:

Football—Ilka Oksanen  
 Senior Basketball—Alex Cserepes  
 Junior Basketball—Ray Truant  
 Soccer—Jim Fleming  
 Track—Paul Deneau  
 Swimming—Henry Simola  
 Hockey—Frank Kincaid

### FOOTBALL

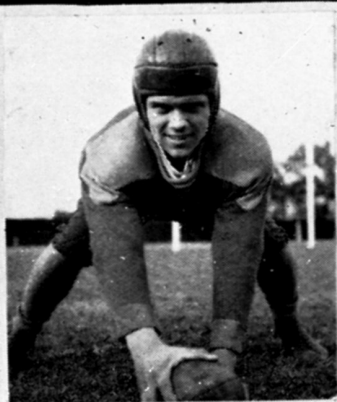
The 1946 edition of Kennedy Collegiate's Senior Football team certainly turned in many thrilling grid contests this year. Mr. Green, their new coach is to be congratulated on his first year as the team's mentor. The Clippers who fought hard through the schedule finally reached the play-offs to be defeated by the Patterson Panthers to the tune of 8-6 in the semi-finals.

Before the season started the dopesters tabbed the Walkerville Tartans as the team to beat. When Kennedy met this mighty grid machine they trounced the Tartans to the measure of 29-6. The Walkervillagers never regained their stride after that crucial game. Kennedy battled its way to a 6-6 draw with the stubborn Sandwich Spartans. Vocational who had beaten Kennedy for three years in succession finally was beaten in a rough bruising contest by the score of 11-6. This game proved quite costly for the Clippers as they lost their captain and quarterback Mike Dietrich. He had paced the Clipper attack on the strength of his expert play-calling and ball-handling. Dietrich was lost for the remainder of the football season due to a fractured collar-bone. In the grid classic of the season's schedule Assumption Raiders eked out a 2-1 victory over Kennedy Clippers. The last game of the schedule found Patterson Panthers trimming Kenneddy 23-6. In the play-offs as previously mentioned, Kennedy lost a heart-breaker to the Patterson entry and was thus eliminated.

All-city berths which proved the quality of our splendid team went to Henry Simola, snapback, Bill Soper, our mighty inside and to Ian Howie



— K.C.I. —



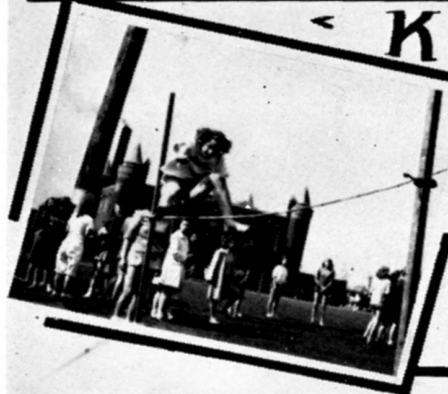
— K.C.I. —



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SENIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Front Row: Doug Cock, Carl Deneau, Ian Howie, Bob Ledgley, Keith Warner.

Rear Row: Jim Tisdale, Julius Gladys, Mr. G. Chapman, Jim Spurgeon, Ron Stephen, John Hagman.

our hard plunging fullback. Mike Dietrich and Bob Forster won honourable mention on this mythical football team. The first team consisted of Howie, Cock, C. Deneau, Buckner and Dietrich in backfield, Tisdale, Campbell and Forster on ends, O'Neill and Gladys at the middle positions, Soper and Light at the insides and Simola snap. Capable substitutes were found in Oksanen, Fejes, Scoren, Wright, Spurgeon, Foote, Fanscy, P. Deneau, Kuran, Stephanzyk, Brady, Welychko, and Lindquist.

Our hat's off to Mr. Green for the fine job in his first year of coaching the football team! We hope he will come back next year and produce a team which will bring to Kennedy the football championship.

—Ilka Oksanen

### SENIOR BASKETBALL

At the first basketball practice of our hoop squad, over thirty candidates turned out. These players were narrowed down to twelve to form our Senior Basketball Team of the 1946-1947 season coached by Mr. Chapman.

They started slowly by dropping its first contest to Walkerville at the latter's small gym by the close score of 27-24. The team did not look well and seemed to be rather cramped in the

Walkerville gym. After a week of intensive practice and long hours of shooting drill, Kennedy was entertained by St. Joseph's High School in an equally small gym. But by this time Kennedy had become accustomed to gyms such as these and found the opposition's basket. The score at half-time was 28-16 for Kennedy and the Clippers went on to win easily by the score of 50-32. Bill Jamieson and "Little John" Hagman had good nights potting 11 points each. With this record of one win and one loss Kennedy came to its home gym to face Riverside. The tight Clipper zone defense baffled the water-front lads throughout the game and it saw Kennedy always holding the lead by a wide margin and going on to win 44-28. Tisdale, Howie, and Cock starred in this contest. The next week Kennnedy played host to W.D. Lowe Vocational in what proved to be a good contest to watch. The game was close all the way to the final whistle, but superior floor-play and basket shooting by Kennedy proved to be the factors which gave our five the winning margin (29-23). Howie played a top-notch game at guard and the offensive was sparked by the accurate shooting of Jamieson. Things looked good for the Clippers as they were perched up in second place with their record of only one loss but the team was destined to meet their Waterloo the next week at the hands of Patter-



son. The main factor in the defeat of the Kennedy five at the hands of the Patterson Panthers (46-30), was its inability to stop the tall and lanky Wade and Cocomazzi of the Patterson team. These two scored almost as many points as all the Kennedy players combined.

### Final Bid

It was do or die for the Clippers now. They had two games of their schedule left; one against Sandwich, the other against Assumption. As it looked then Kennedy would have to win both of these contests to win a playoff berth. A large crowd turned out to witness the Sandwich game and the Kennedy cheering sections were keyed to an intense pitch. The game proved all it had been made out to be. Half-time found the Clippers tied with the Spartans (9-9) having overcome an early lead established by the Sandwich boys. In the second half, Sandwich found the hoop to build up a three point lead at the three-quarter mark and stretch it to win 27-19. Our boys fought hard and looked very good, but did not have much luck around the opposition's basket. But there was still a slim chance to tie Walkerville for fourth place if Kennedy could only beat the Assumption Cagers. The spirit of the team was keen and they took the floor with great determination. At the first quarter, Kennedy trailed 8-5, then came back strong to overtake and grasp a one point lead at half-time (13-12) by quick hoops by Deneau and Tisdale and a foul shot by Hagman.

Assumption then turned on the pressure and baskets by Ellis, Pataky and Robitaille of Assumption put Assumption ahead 21-17. Kennedy tried hard to regain the lead in the last quarter, but their efforts were not rewarded as Assumption was ahead 32-25 when the last whistle blew. The Assumption jinx had occurred once again. For three years now Assumption has pushed Kennedy out of the running in crucial games.

Ian Howie, John Hagman, Julius Gladys and Jim Spurgeon are prospective graduates and probably will not be back next year. This leaves Tisdale, Deneau, Jamieson and Stephens to form the nucleus of next years Senior Clippers. Mr. Chapman is to be congratulated for his fine coaching job.

**Ian (Pepsodent) Howie**—Age 18. Height 6'1½". Weight 168. Captain of this year's team, once again won a position on all-city basketball team because of his superior guarding skill and his fine backboard play. His best game of year was against Vocational which saw him scoring 10 points besides playing his usual steady game at guard. If Ian leaves Kennedy this year, we bid farewell to a great, top-notch guard.

**John (Pee-Wee) Hagman**—Age 19. Height 6'-6". Weight 175. John's height and his rebound snagging ability were invaluable to the team. John's play has improved considerably and his best game was against St. Joseph's in which he scored 11 points.

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**Bill (St. Thomas) Jamieson**—Age 18. Height 6'. Weight 145. Bill's excellent floor-play and accurate shooting made him a constant threat to opposing teams. His steady play and spirit won him an honourable mention on the All-City Basketball Team casting. Bill bagged 9 points in both the Vocational and St. Joseph games.

**Julius (Loverboy) Gladys**—Age 19. Weight 185. Height 6'. Julius is a top-notch guard who specializes in stopping in fast breaks. His best shot is a one-hand push shot. His remarkable coolness and his adeptness under the basket mark him a valuable asset to any team.

**Jim (Pa) Spurgeon**—Age 20, Height 6'. Weight 180. Jim, because of his backboard ability and speed was used as both guard and forward. Jim, a fair ball-handler was always a menace to the opposition with his dangerous hook pivot shot.

**Doug Cock**—Age 18. Height 5'10". Weight 155. What Doug lacks in height he makes up in speed. His scrappy, but always steady, play makes him an asset to any team, and his return to school next year assures Kennedy of a good forward. His accuracy came to light when he scored eight points against our arch rivals Patterson Collegiate.

**Jim (Monster) Tisdale**—Age 17. Height 6'4". Weight 150(?). Jim, coming up from the junior squad won a berth on the team by his fine floor play and hard work under the basket. Jim is also planning to return next year and is considered a shining prospect for our prospective team. Jim's extraordinary accuracy on corner shots enabled

him to tally seven points in the Patterson fray.

**Carl (Smoothy) Deneau**—Age 17. Height 5'10". Weight 145. Carl, also graduating from the juniors and with one year's experience behind him has a bright future. His exceptional ball-handling ability and all around accuracy on set shots marks him a dangerous forward. Carl's speed enables him to make fast breaks toward the enemy's basket and to beat opposing guards to the punch.

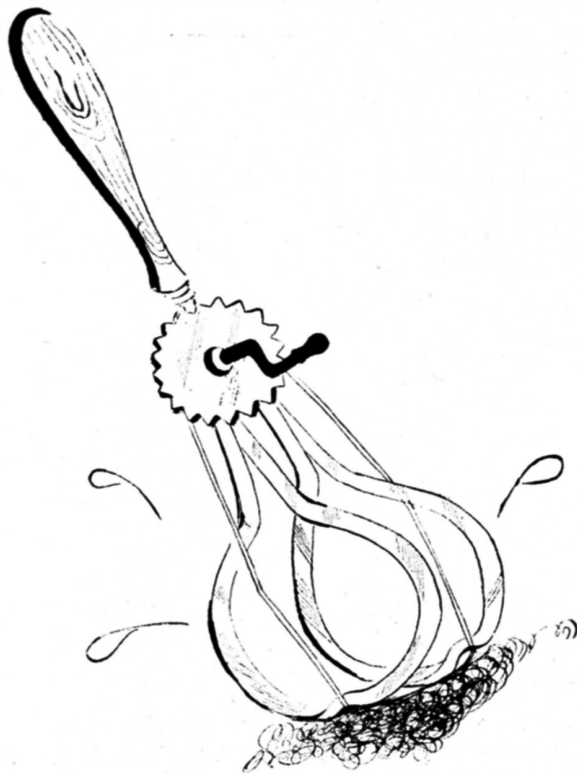
**Ron (Horse) Stephens**—Age 17. Height 6'3". Weight 173. Ron is noted for the spring in his feet and his scrappy, fighting nature. Relieving Hagman at centre throughout the season, Ron was the most improved player on the team and by next season will probably reach the peak of his ability.

**Keith Warner**—Age 17. Height 5'11". Weight 150. Keith is a very smooth player and quite a good ball handler. He lacks experience but his one hand "set" shot marks him a good forward.

**Bob Ledgely**—Age 17. Height 5'10". Weight 155. Ledgely is also a graduate from the junior ranks. His steady, cool and all around play won him a berth on the team. With another year's experience Bob will undoubtedly blossom into a top-notch guard.

**Steve (Curly) Beke**—Age 17. Height 5'11". Weight 145. Steve, the only left hand player on our senior squad, has an unusually accurate corner shot. Steve is a very good forward and has untapped reservoirs of talent.

Alex Cserepes.



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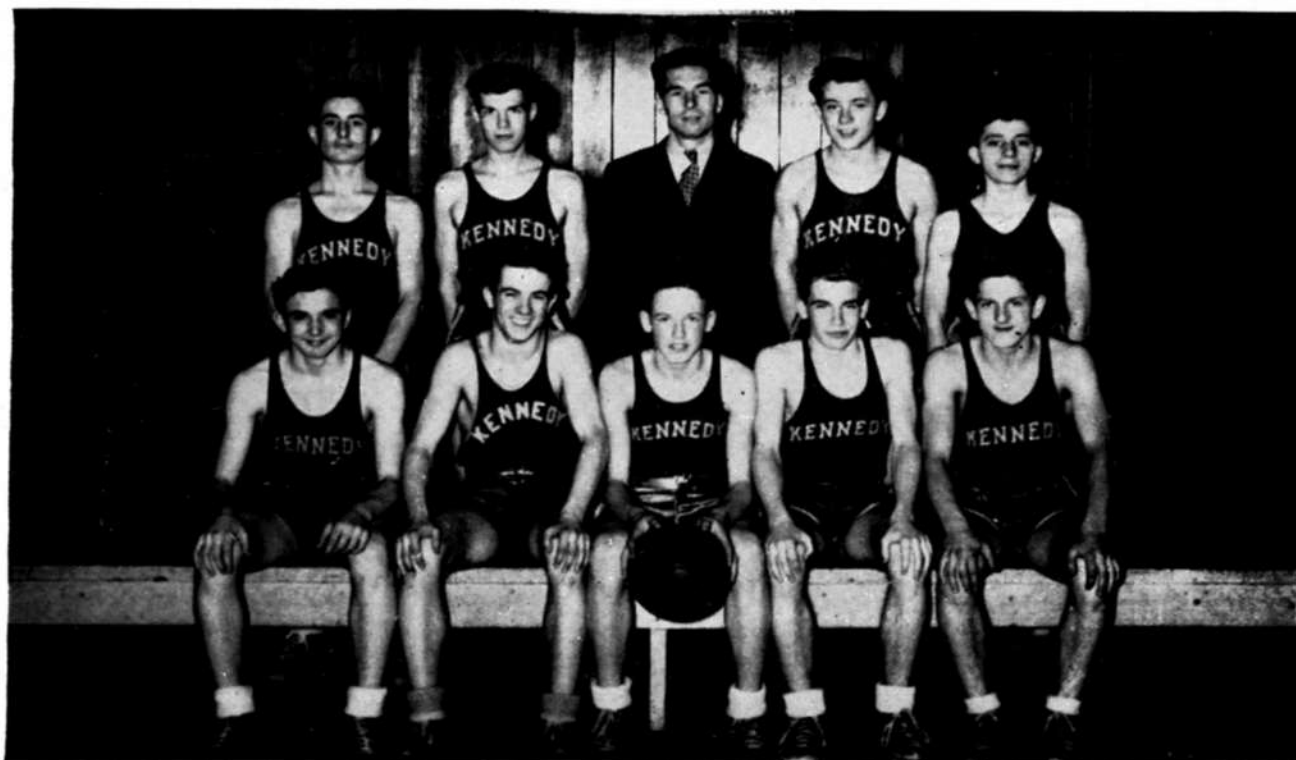
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JUNIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Front Row: Ray Truant, Barry Deneau, Bill Wilson, Allister McLaren, Elek Sulyok.  
Rear Row: Waldy Stefanczyk, Ed Stewart, Mr. A. Green, Bob Scoren, Louis Veres.

### JUNIOR BASKETBALL

Last year's performance was almost repeated this year by the Kennedy Junior Basketball team. The 1946 W.S.S.A. Champs and W.O.S.S.A. finalists had another successful season despite the fact that they had lost three stars—Tisdale, Deneau and Beke—from that team of teams in 1945. It is enough to say that the Junior quintet went through the scheduled season losing only its last game to Assumption.

The Blue and Gold defeated the Walkerville Tartans (41-31) in the opening game of the 1947 season. Our boys took the lead early in the game and were never headed. The Junior Clippers easily defeated St. Josephs (35-13) using its second team most of the game. Riverside, the new entry in the W.S.S.A. league, offered much more resistance to our power-packed squad but they also were humbled (26-14) on the spacious Kennedy gym.

With three victories tucked neatly away under their belts, the boys prepared to meet W. D. Lowe in a home game. This game might have ended in a different way for our boys, had it not been for one of the finest performances of basket shooting witnessed on the Kennedy floor. Bill "Swish" Wilson hooped six long shots in a row to give the Kennedy five a winning margin. The

final score was Kennedy 29, W. D. Lowe Vocational 19.

The following week the Kennedy quintet went to Patterson to meet their traditional rivals. A tight zone set up by our boys completely baffled the Junior Panthers. The score at the end of the half saw Kennedy ahead (12-4). Midway in the fourth quarter Patterson became "hot" and sliced the lead to one point. Then two quick hoops by "Shorty" Truant and Wilson put the game on ice for the Blue and Gold.

The next game saw Sandwich invading the Kennedy gym for what proved to be by far the most exciting junior contest of the year. The first quarter was all Kennedy with our boys piling up an eight point lead before Sandwich had even found the basket. Then Wigle of Sandwich sparked his team to pot seven of the nine points which put them out in front. The third and fourth quarters saw the lead change many times and the game ended with both teams dead-locked at 25 points. Then in overtime baskets by Wilson and Deneau and foul shots made by Truant sewed up the game for the Clippers. The final score was 32-27 and the Junior Clippers had avenged a one point victory by the Sandwich quintet last year. Kennedy now had six victories to its credit and was the only team which had not



been defeated in the Junior League up to this point.

In the final contest of the year, Kennedy juniors lost to Assumption in a nip and tuck game ending in a score of 28-26. Kennedy drew the right to play Sandwich in the semi-final contest of the W.S.S.A. Championships.

### The Semi-Finals

Interest was keyed to an intense pitch concerning the outcome of this crucial deciding game. The dopesters predicted a close game just as the scheduled game between these two quintets Kennedy and Sandwich had been. The first quarter opened slowly with each team waiting for "the breaks." But a tight zone defense by our boys stopped the Sandwich lads cold and the quarter ended with Kennedy holding a 10-3 lead. The second quarter play was slow with both teams playing great defensive ball and the half ended 12-8 for the Blue and Gold. Then the Red and White found the range and by several quick baskets took the lead. With a minute and a half left in the game Wilson hooped a long shot to put the Clippers in front 23-22. But two quick baskets on beautiful shots by Sandwich boys gave them a lead which Kennedy could not overcome due to time. The final score was Sandwich 27 Kennedy 23.

Thanks must go to Mr. Green, the new junior coach, who did a masterful job in his first year with Kennedy, and to the members of the team,

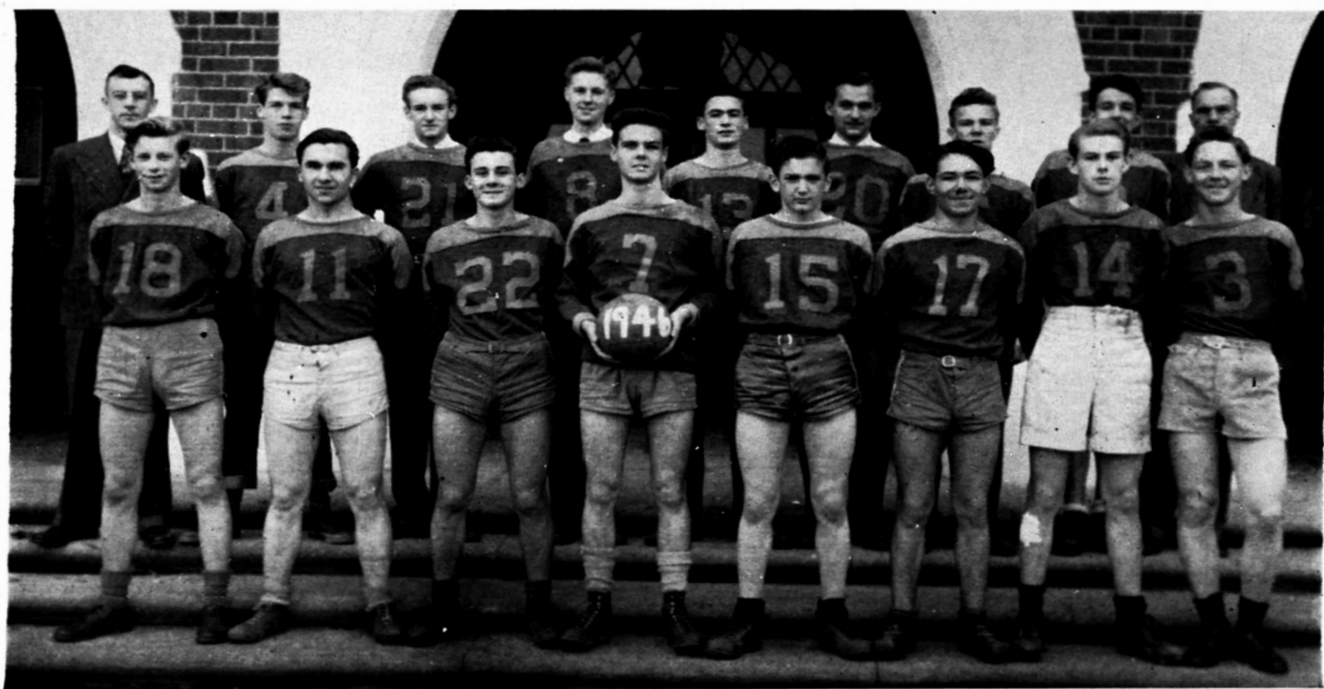
Wilson, Sulyak, Stefanzych, Deneau, Scoren and Truant who bolstered the attack throughout the season. Thanks also to Veres, M'Laren, McWilliams, Slewart, Pekish and Moir for splendid substitution work.

Ray Truant.

### SOCCER

Considering the fact that only five experienced players were back from last year's soccer team from which to form the nucleus of the 1946 soccer team, the season was a great success. The Clippers started very slowly losing to the powerful Patterson eleven (3-0). Regaining their precision the team earned a tie with Riverside (1-1). Then, disaster struck as the team went into a mid-season slump losing to Lowe Vocational (2-1) and to the Walkerville Tartans (2-1).

Things looked bad for the Kennedy aggregation with this record of only one tie in four scheduled games. Then a spark of life was injected into the Clippers as they defeated their over confident arch-rivals the Patterson Panthers to the tune of 2-1. Then, the spark grew to a flame as the Kennedy eleven defeated Riverside (1-0) and ignited into a red-hot fire as Kennedy literally burned up Vocational (3-1). The seething Clippers took the field against the Walkerville squad, the team which had been the W.O.S.S.A. Champions the previous year, and tied them (1-1) in a thrilling contest.



### SOCCER

Front Row, left to right: J. Cooper, J. Szasz, B. Renaud, S. Fleming (Captain), R. Truant, M. Peter, P. Bond, D. Schulz.  
Rear Row: Mr. Mahon, E. Stewart, T. Kinnon, J. Paterson, K. Pinkerton, E. Swartz, C. Meneghini, B. Leonhardt, Mr. A. F. S. Gilbert.



#### ALL-CITY STARS

Henry Simola (Football), Ian Howie (Football and Basketball), Jack Soper (Football).

The fine effort put Kennedy in a tie for second place with Patterson and Vocational. Kennedy and Vocational were paired off in a sudden death contest and the winner was to play Patterson for undisputed possession of second place. In this game with Vocational Kennedy established an early (1-0) lead and held it through the game to win the right to play Patterson. In a hard fought contest the all-powerful Patterson team defeated the Kennedy Clippers (4-1) to end the season for our team.

The team was captained by Fleming who combined with Pinkerton at centre, Truant and Stewart at inside positions, and Bond at right wing to form one of the best forward lines in the city. The half-posts were filled by the steady play of Kinnier, Renaud, Paterson and Szasz. These work-horses were constantly threatening the opposition while bolstering the defense. The full-backs Cooper and Swartz with goalie Clarence Meneghini created a stellar defense. The ever-essential alternates were Leonhardt, Peters and Shultz. Top scoring honours were shared by Truant, Bond, Fleming and Stewart.

Our congratulations to Mr. Mahon and Mr. Day for their fine coaching job. With most of the team returning to school next year, Mr. Mahon and Mr. Day see a bright future next fall.

Jim Fleming.

#### TRACK AND FIELD—1946

Kennedy's track and field teams are quite definitely on the upgrade. In the W.S.S.A. track meet of 1945 our boys finished fourth, gathering

only 54 points. In the W.S.S.A. track meet held in May, 1946, our boys collected 76½ points to finish third, right behind Patterson and Vocational. The senior track men were—Marley, McKay, Meneghini, Flewelling, Buckner, Kindiak, Szabo and Smith; Intermediates—the Deneau boys, Paul and Carl, Simola, Dietrich, Oksanen, Tisdale, Stevens and McIsaac; Juniors—Young and McWilliams; Juveniles—Wall, Dittrich and Dinsmore.

Most of this team qualified to go to the W.O.-S.S.A. track and field meet held at the J. W. Little Memorial Stadium, University of Western Ontario in London, on May 26, 1946. The boys, under the guidance of Mr. Liddel, are to be highly complimented on their fine showing there. They gathered 42 points to place third in a field of over thirty schools representing all of Western Ontario. Special honours go to C. Deneau, Tisdale and Wall for their first place efforts in their individual events. Also to be honoured are the Medley Relay team, composed of Wall, Young, McIsaac and Smith, who won a first; and the Intermediate Relay team, composed of C. Deneau, P. Deneau, Dietrich and Stephens, who placed second.

Paul Deneau.

#### Prospects—1947

Mr. Liddel, after two years of building up Kennedy Track and Field machines, expects to keep climbing the ladder of success which will lead to ultimate success of his track teams. Since the latter part of March he has been training many boys with which to build a crack team. The senior strength lies in Stephens, Kindiak and P. Deneau in the sprints, and C. Deneau and Smith in the distance races. The jumps will feature Tisdale, C. Deneau and Stephens, while Oksanen and Flewelling will specialize in the shot put, discus and javelin.

Young and McWilliams, coming up from junior competition together with Dietrich, will form the foundation of the intermediate power. Bright prospects are hoped for in Scoren, B. Deneau and Truant who are training with the team. Wall will head the junior division, and, combined with many other promising juniors this group should gather a few points.

Yes, hopes for the Kennedy Track Team are very bright and it will be up to these boys to bring us another successful and even better track team.

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## HOCKEY

Front Row, left to right: D. Lucas, B. Buckner, B. Deneau, N. Hallewick, F. Smith, B. Marshall, T. Belanger.  
Back Row: D. Kilpatrick, F. Kincaid, D. Worrell, W. Kindiak, R. Rowles, K. Pinkerton, A. Lindquist, Mr. H. L. Ward.

## SENIOR HOCKEY

At the start of hockey practices this year, the hockey outlook was not bright. The team had only five or six seasoned players to form its nucleus, and the other positions were to be filled by "rookies." Thus, Kennedy had the "youngest and greenest" team in the league and as a result were slated to finish in their familiar place—last.

Kennedy opposed their arch-rivals from Patterson in the first league game, which was played as part of a Saturday night doubleheader. The game started out fast and was exciting two-way hockey. Patterson scored early in the second period and added two more goals without reply from the Clippers. The game ended with the score 3-0 for Patterson. The Kennedy forwards were very erratic around the Patterson goal and blew many scoring chances. The Clippers met Walkerville, with high hopes of breaking the Tartans jinx. Walkerville, however, scored four goals and Kennedy did everything but put the puck in the net. The final score read Walkerville 4, Kennedy 0. The next team Kennedy faced was the Vocational Six, who were the "dark horse team" of the league. For the Kennedy Clippers, Barry Deneau played a rugged game on defence and Bob Buckner and Ken Pinkerton shone up front. Vocational scored 5 goals and Kennedy again failed to score. Final score 5-0.

Kennedy entered the next game with the new title "the scoreless wonders." Kennedy proved

this title untrue for this game at least, as they outplayed and outfought the Assumption team, but at the final bell found themselves on the short end of a 6 to 4 score. Kennedy again met Vocational, and this proved to be the worst game of the year for the Clippers. Vocational scored 6 goals in the first period, and had the Clippers off balance for the rest of the game. The final score was 10 to 1 for Vocational. Kennedy met Patterson for the second and last time, and hoped to win their first game. It was the same story as Kennedy outplayed the Panthers, but could not outscore them. The final score was Patterson 4, Kennedy 0. Kennedy's next rival was the Walkerville Tartans, and the Clippers wanted to "clip" Walkerville as the Tartans had to win to keep their playoff hopes alive. This game marked the reappearance of Norm Hallewick in the Kennedy net. Kennedy started out fast and were getting the better out of the play and body-checking. Kennedy was leading 3 to 2 with about two minutes left in the game. Walkerville then pulled their goalie and put 6 forwards on the ice. This move was fatal for Kennedy, as they became disorganized and Walkerville pushed 2 goals past Norm (Lady Killer) Hallewick, to win 4 to 3. Kennedy should have won this game, as it was their best game of the year. Kennedy's last game was with Assumption. This game was quite rough and dragged at times. Kennedy muffed many chances, such as when Doug (Mary)



Lucas couldn't hold a rolling puck on his stick as he was breaking into the clear. Assumption finally won 1 to 0 by virtue of a goal late in the last period. This ended the Clippers' schedule.

Special mention should go to the Kennedy goalie, Norm Hallewick. After suffering a concussion, he returned to play against Walkerville and was hit on the head with the puck. However, with his cut head taped and still groggy he continued the game. The stars of the team who played consistent good hockey all year were Barry Deneau, Findlay Smith, Bob Buckner, and Ken Pinkerton. All the fellows on the team gave their all in every game and shouldn't be ashamed of their record, as they showed they were good sportsmen by being "good losers." Complete roster of the team was as follows: N. Hallewick, B. Deneau, F. Smith, A. Lindquist, B. Buckner, K. Pinkerton, F. Kincaid (capt.), B. Marshall, W. Kindials, T. Belanger, D. Lucas, R. Rowles, D. Worrell, D. Kilpatrick. Thanks go along to our coach Mr. H. L. Ward for his guidance and patience during the year. I would like to include a sentence or two expressing feelings of the hockey players—Unless the Kennedy hockey teams get more support, there is no use in icing a team. Every other school in the city has at least 100 followers at their hockey games; whereas if Kennedy gets 25 out it is a wonder. Kennedy has been the underdog for the past two years because of the inexperienced players and "no support" doesn't help them any. Kennedy CAN and WILL win the W.S.S.A. Hockey Championship with YOUR help—YOU the Kennedy Collegiate Student Body.

Frank Kincaid.

## BOYS' SWIMMING W.S.S.A. Meet

Salute the champs! Kennedy was the dark horse in the W.S.S.A. Swimming Meet this year, coming through to win the Boys' Championship with 43 points over the highly-rated Patterson and Walkerville teams. This is the first time since 1944 that Kennedy has won the Swimming Shield, emblematic of the Boys' Swimming Championship. The boys did a good job even though they were handicapped by lack of practice and deserve a great deal of praise. Kennedy also took the Meet on total points with 89 points, even though the girls were forced into second place.

Gerald Durham, our Junior aquatic star, won the Junior Individual Championship for the city with a total of 10 points, placing first both in the Junior 40 yards free style and the Junior 100 yards free style. Ian Paisely placed first in the Junior 60 yards breast stroke and Tommy Hillis won the Senior 100 yards breast stroke. Frank Peterson won second place in the Junior diving.

The members of the 1947 Championship Team were Seniors: O. Chanko, D. Leigh, T. Hillis, L. Kuran and E. Shuttleworth; Juniors: G. Durham, F. Peterson, I. Paisely and R. Osbourne; Grade IX Relay: J. O'Flanagan, D. Buckner, D. Douglas and Cameron; Grade X Relay: W. McCreedy, "Scotty" Laughland, J. Douglas and C. Gomori. A vote of thanks goes to Mr. Archie Green and Mr. Alex Liddell who supervised the coaching.

Congratulations again boys; you really earned them!



W.S.S.A. BOYS' SWIMMING CHAMPIONS

Front Row: Ian Paisely, Norman Hosowich, Doug Buckner, David Douglas, Gerald Durham, Jim Douglas, Bill Laughland, Otto Chanko, Roger Osborne.  
Centre Row: Gerald O'Flanagan, Bill McCreedy, Bob Foote, Frank Peterson, Barry Deneau, Ed Shuttleworth, Dave Leigh.  
Rear Row: Mr. A. Green, Bill Cameron, Lionel Kuran, Mr. A. F. S. Gilbert, Charles Gomori, Tom Hillis, Mr. A. Liddell.

### Interform Meet

The Interform Meet, as exciting as ever, found 11A the class champion with 38 points and 11E runner-up with 37 points. 9E won the Grade 9 Boys' Relay, 10C the Grade 10 Boys' Relay, 11E the Grade 11 Boys' Relay and 12B the Grade 12 Boys' Relay. In the relay between 11E and the grade 12's, 11E came out on top.

Otto Chanko put on a dazzling display of speed and style to take the Senior Boys' Individual Championship for the school with 17 points. Tom Hillis, who netted 13 points for his splendid efforts, was runner-up.

Frank Peterson swam and dived his way to win the Junior Boys' Individual Championship with 11 points. Ian Paisely came in second with 8 hard-earned points.

### INTERCOLLEGIATE

#### Summary

Kennedy's success in the world of sports for the year 1946-47 was decidedly improved over the showing of our athletes in the previous year. Although our teams did not bring home any championships, their all around play and good sportsmanship were a credit to our school. Over-shadowing the winless record of our Hockey team was the fine play of our Gridiron and Soccer. Both of these squads reached the semi-final

stages of their respective leagues, but were forced out of the picture in closely fought contests. Although it is still too early to perceive the honours that our track and swimming teams will win they are expected to carry on their fine records of previous years. Kennedy was honoured by capturing no less than three berths on the All-City Football Team and one berth on the All-City Basketball Team.

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## *Dear Diary*

Friday, October 25, 1946.

Dear Diary:

To-night, one of the most novel events on this year's social calendar occurred. The Lifeboy Debonaires, making a tour for the Lifeboy Company, joined with the Kennedy Forum to present the "Sweet and Swing." Admission was twenty-five cents for the Kennedy fund for injured players and a Lifeboy wrapper. The dance took place in the Kennedy gym after a big football game played against Sandwich. There was an excellent turnout from both Sandwich and Kennedy. We hope that the Lifeboy Company will think of us next time they make a tour.

Thursday, November 14, 1946.

Dear Diary:

Drifting down from the balcony, music played by our favourite orchestras began the first tea-dance of the year 1946-47. It was called the Autumn Amble and to carry out the idea behind the name, cornstalks were bundled together in the corners.

What were the prizes for the spot and the elimination dances? Why, of course, four large red apples.

Friday, November 22, 1946.

Dear Diary:

To-night we held our first movie-dance, showing a movie "It Happened Tomorrow" with the projector we bought last year. The movies were enjoyed by everyone and afterwards a dance was held with records by all our favourites, including Glenn Miller, Perry Como, Woody Herman, Frank Sinatra and many others. The crowd

was very large although no admission was charged. We hope to be able to stage another of these movie-dances next week.

Friday, November 29, 1946.

Dear Diary:

Well, because of last week's crowd, this week we had another of the popular movie-dances. The crowd was about the same size and this week admission was fifteen cents. The movie was called "Scattergood Pulls the Strings." We had coke for sale and between dances; cokes were enjoyed by many. Soon the basketball season gets underway, but after it is over we hope to be able to present more of these popular events.

### **Commencement Dance**

Friday, December 20, 1946

Dear Diary:

The Christmas holidays began in a festive mood this year for many of the students of Kennedy. Gaily coloured lights sparkled on three Christmas trees while on the blackboards, golder stars glowed from behind bright red electric candles. Surrounding the glittering globe overhead, red, white, and green streamers swayed back and forth. Yes, it was the annual Commencement Dance.

Many an admiring glance was cast too, to-night, toward the very differently decorated bandstand. From a semi-circle of lights in front, streamers twisted their merry way to the back of the band where more streamers dropped twirling to the platform; thus, a gay bonnet enclosed the orchestra.

Lending their patronage to the gala affair were, with our principal Mr. A. F. Gilbert, Mr. and

Mrs. A. R. Davidson, Miss Helen Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Fox, Mr. and Mrs. A. Green, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Paisley, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Ward, Mr. and Mrs. M. Wass, and Dr. and Mrs. C. R. Weber.

Tuesday, January 28, 1947.

Dear Diary:

This afternoon, another tea-dance called the January Jump, was held in the boys' gymnasium. Skipping ropes, appropriate for the occasion, were given to the couples winning the spot and the elimination dances. Great amusement was brought about when the winners actually did some skipping.

Friday, February 7, 1947.

Dear Diary:

To-night marked a stepping-stone in the history of social activities of Kennedy Collegiate. At approximately ten-thirty, after the basketball games with Lowe Vocational School, a dance was held.

Several times during the evening, the Lowe students were informed of the dance by announcements made over the microphone. These students seemed as pleased as Kennedy students over this event especially when there was no admittance charge.

The dance proved such a success that it is thought that a similar one will be held later.

Friday, February 14, 1947.

Dear Diary:

What a day this has been! Besides its being St. Valentine's Day, another dance was held after the basketball games. A slight charge was made to-night, ten cents, but the students didn't seem to mind as the dance was well worth it.

An increased amount of "coke" had been ordered, but due to many thirsty people, all the "coke" was sold during the games.

This dance certainly proved that students desired dances after school games.

Friday, February 21, 1947.

Dear Diary:

To-night was the last night of basketball before the semi-finals and as there were only two games, the dance got well under way about nine-thirty.

This dance was another success with many Kennedy students attending. As at ordinary tea-dances, the admission price was fifteen cents and two for twenty-five cents.

We will be unable to have any dances after the semi-final (final) games but there are hopes for more evening dances next term—but wait, there are only four more weeks until the K-Hop.

Friday, March 21, 1946.

Dear Diary:

To-night we staged our annual K-Hop. It ushered in the new season and an old school custom. At the gate, tallies were given to each girl,

in the blue and gold colour scheme which prevailed everywhere. As they entered the gym, everyone noticed the blue and gold streamers dancing overhead, and the mirrored ball twinkled merrily to greet them. The bandstand, of course, held the attention of all, forming a large blue and gold "K" in the centre. Around the lower front part of the stand "K-Hop" was written in twisted blue paper and flanked on either end by a blue and gold rosette. It was the largest dance the school had ever seen with eleven hundred boys and girls present.

Noticed during the dance were Norma Bortolotti dating Doug Johnstone, Leola Russette accompanied by Bill Ogle, Barbara Young escorted by Finlay Smith, Audrey Smith squired by Tom Ledgley, June Potter with Bob Bailey, Hope Arnott with Stan Tose, Lilly Husty and Bob Little and numerous others.

Many "Coketail" parties were held during the evening with groups gathering at the homes of Joan O'Flanagan, Ann McCallum and Jean Riggs, Bernice Szaran, Rose May Sanstedt, Ann Riggs, Joyce Lavery and Patt Barnum.

Those who so willingly lent their patronage to this dance included Mr. A. F. S. Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Barnum, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Blair, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Ward, Miss Carolyn Vrooman, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Wheelton, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Fox, and Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Riggs.

Seen whirling around the floor to the lilting music of one of Windsor's popular orchestras were Madelyn Czonka and Andy Rigloff, Jo-Anne Verwey escorted by Bill Spencer, Evelyn Cook with Carl Deneau, Catherine Steer and Doug Reid from Hamilton; Kathleen McLuckie escorted by Jack Way, Denise Renaud and Doug Lucas, and Marjorie Woods with Keith Warner.

There were many coke-tail parties during the evening including those of Pat Barnum, Joan Mollard, and Patricia Lewis.

Through this school magazine, the Social Committee wishes to extend its thanks and appreciation to all those students who gave their kind assistance at many of the dances; especially those pupils who brought records to the tea-dances and who assisted in decorating and undecorating at the Commencement and K-Hop dances.

To Tommy Gordon, we again give our thanks for all his help without which our social calendar of Kennedy would not have been as bright as it was.

This year the Social Committee included Donna Paisley (chairman), Patt Barnum, Jo-Anne Berger, Jacqueline Eagen, Joyce Fenn, Patricia Lewis, Bob Buckner, Paul Deneau, Jerry O'Flanagan, Ian Howie, Bill Lewis, Bill Light, Gary O'Neil, Walter Prince, Jim Spurgeon, Barry Strickland.

Our advisors were Miss C. Vrooman, Mr. E. W. Fox, and Mr. H. L. Ward.

Patricia Lewis H.A.

# Club News

THE KENCOLL 1947

## LITERARY SOCIETY

The Literary Society of 1946-47 has done some very fine work. The various class programmes have been sponsored by the "Lit." One programme that was particularly good was the one which Miss Hope's 10A put on. The 10A girls did a ballet dance which was appreciated, but when the boys of 10A burlesqued it, they brought down the house.

At Christmas time the Literary Society put on a very good Christmas party; in fact everyone said that it was one of the best that any Literary Society has ever put on. The party was highlighted by three feature acts. The first one was the "take-off" of Dickens's Christmas Carol which was written and directed by Dorothy Hanes. Bob Little in his night shirt and cap brought Scrooge right on the Kennedy platform. He was wonderful! The second feature was Santa Claus who kept everyone guessing about his true identity. Dick (Santa Claus) Lanspeary had the best "line" that any of our Santas have had in years. Everybody loved the sweet way St. Nick gave (Dream Bait) Green his little date-book. When four men from Billy Jupp's Orchestra played to us for about half an hour the programme was complete. They were sweet and hot, but oh so good! Altogether it was a grand Christmas party.

Next year it is hoped that the Literary Society will really be able to produce the play as they have been trying to do for about six years. Also, hopes are high that there will be regular meetings of the Literary Society in which play production and direction as well as scenery and the technique of acting will be taught.

Forum members of this year's Literary Society were O'Flanagan (ch.), Doug Kilpatrick, Pat Barnum, Norm Walsh and Joyce Turner. Dorothy Hanes was also a very valuable member. The staff advisors were Miss Gray, Miss McNeil, Miss Davis, and Mr. Wass.

J. O'Flanagan.

## CHESS CLUB 1946-1947

In November 1946 the Chess Club began with eleven contestants in the first tournament. In the process of elimination Bill Lukacs was the winner. A second tournament, started in January, narrowed down to seven players, of whom Jim Horne was the winner. A third tournament was started in March and is now progressing with keen competition.

Playing at chess develops foresight, or the consideration of the consequences that may attend an action when the play is on; caution, not to make moves too hastily; and the habit of not being discouraged by the bad appearances in the game and of persevering in the search for resources. The game is full of events, as one continues the game to the last.

## THE KENNEDY CAMERA CLUB

With the idea of making this year the camera club's best year, its members elected at their first meeting the following officers. The very capable Jim Lewis was elected to a second term presidency; able Bill Luckas was elected to the vice-presidency, and Barbara Siegner was made secretary-treasurer.

The programme of the Camera Club this year consisted not only of the regular routines, but rather in addition, featured many extras, the most interesting of which was probably the tour through the W.D.S. photography and engraving department. Among the various guests who spoke and lectured were Messrs. Jack Daglish of the Windsor Daily Star and Barney Gloster, a Windsor Commercial photographer. Mr. Daglish, who was a serial photographer during the war, told of his many experiences in France and on the continent in general. He also showed to the enthusiastic students several photographs he had taken. Mr. Gloster told the club how he entered commercial photography. He showed us he shoots, develops, and prints them.

The Camera Club's own Jim Lewis, not to be outdone gave a lecture on developing and enlarging. Jim is certainly an excellent example of good product from the Kennedy Camera Club. With thanks to the Forum and Mr. Brown for his guidance, the Camera Club of Kennedy Collegiate look back on a well spent year, and looks forward to a year of yet greater interest for all its members.

Igor Kaplan.

## GLEE CLUB

This year the Glee Club improved 100%. It enlarged its repertoire to include Cole Porter's Night and Day, I Love a Parade, April Showers, just a Memory, a tone poem called Fog, and the Lord's Prayer. The Glee Club sang at Commencement Exercises and at the Windsor Secondary Schools' Music Festival, on April 1, at Walkerville Collegiate Auditorium. Miss MacNeil should be commended for her fine work in leading these girls.

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#### CADET OFFICERS

Front Row: Ct. Capt. F. Smith, Ct. Lieut. N. Spencer, Ct. Major D. Kilpatrick, Ct. Lieut.-Col. J. Spurgeon, Ct. Capt. B. Jamieson, Ct. Lieut. R. Wickell, Ct. Lieut. J. Pollen.  
 Middle Row: Ct. Lieut. J. Szasz, Ct. Lieut. D. Cock, Ct. Capt. J. Tisdale, Ct. Major H. Pickthall, Ct. Lieut. M. Dietrich, Ct. Capt. N. Campbell.  
 Back Row: Ct. Lieut. K. Smookler, Ct. Lieut. G. White, Ct. Lieut. L. Kuran, Ct. Lieut. S. Fancsy, Ct. Major T. Hillis, Ct. Capt. A. Pennington, Ct. Lieut. J. Fyes.

#### CADET NEWS

The inspection last year was not so successful as it might have been. Our inspection was held on May 14, 1946 with D.C.O. Major Young and Major Klevenec the inspecting officers. Our school was not lucky enough to rank with the top numbers, but once more our congratulations go to all boys taking part. The officers were especially well complimented on their fine showing. The N.C.O.'s too were not to be overlooked.

Harry Pickthall led his "B" Company boys to glory by winning the honours of being the best drilled company of the day. These boys were especially well disciplined and deserve a great deal of credit for their job well done.

"A" Company was not to go down in defeat though, for No. 1 platoon of "A" Company, led by John Hagman, put on a fine demonstration of war tactics. The smoke bombs, along with the constant "snaps" of the rifles, added the realistic part of this scene. The objective, which was a shack set at one end of the football field, was successfully taken and destroyed. Sergeant Major Minniu of the Essex Scottish, who headed this display deserves our greatest thanks.

When the smoke had cleared and the debris was removed, the precision squad under the com-

mand of Bill Jamieson marched smartly into the stadium. After a solitary command of "Halt" from their commander these boys put on the best show of a single platoon that day. Later in the morning assembly a new trophy was submitted to the school for this part of the programme. Cadet Lieutenant Jamieson was presented with the trophy which will be open for competition throughout the coming years.

We had a Cadet Dance last year which was a success. Everyone had a grand time even though the rain was uncontrollable. It is rumoured that there is to be another one this year. Coming up to date, we find the Bugle Band, the Signal Corps, and the Quartermaster stores busy in preparation for this year's inspection.

The Bugle Band, under the capable direction of Mr. Ward, started quite early this year. Could it be a victorious light we see in Mr. Ward's eyes? Jim Kresge has been training new drummers, while Ken Russell and Bill Leonhardt have been teaching the buglers the notes and how to blow them. The organization of a junior band was attempted but failed because of the lack of members.

Last but not least, our officers' class which is packed with experience is being instructed by Mr.

## ROVING REPORTERS



Ann Riggs  
Mike Dietrich

Virginia Chamney  
Bill Jamieson

Margaret Lanspeary  
Jack Soper

Joan Warwick  
Stewart White

The opinion of the students is important. Everyone agrees with this of course. So we decided to get some of the opinion of Kennedy students. Jimmy grabbed his camera and I grabbed a pencil and away we went to get some opinions of the way boys of our school felt about the girls and visa versa.

The first student we encountered was Stewart White of 9H. He wasn't a bit shy but boldly said "I think the girls of this school wear their skirts too short. They also wear too much make-up and are too tomboyish." I asked Stewart if he would like to go to a boys' school where he wouldn't have to be bothered with the opposite sex. Don't worry girls his answer was no!

Off we went again and got an opinion from Margaret Lanspeary of 9E. Marg was reluctant to say much because she felt that our K.C.I. boys were a pretty good bunch of fellows. In spite of this she thinks they are not sociable enough. She feels that they should have better manners and leave their hair on (referring to brush cuts of course).

Jack Soper was the next student for our quiz. It took Jack a whole day to come to a decision and finally he said, "I can't think of anything I don't like about them; I think they're O.K." Well girls what are you waiting for?

Virginia Chamney of 10C is a vivacious little girl who in spite of her criticism is rather fond of the boys. She didn't hesitate to say that she doesn't like the way they talk behind the girls'

back. She also thinks they're pretty dull. Don't worry fellows, its just because she's so full of pep.

You all know Bill Jamieson one of the star players of our basketball team. He too had some good and bad opinions of the K.C.I. girls. Bill thinks that they don't have enough school spirit since they don't attend enough school functions. He says that they lack co-operation and are not very sociable. Another of his criticisms is that they are too cheap at roundabouts. I think Bill's bark is worse than his bite.

Joan Warwick (11B) another of Kennedy's grade eleven girls had many criticisms of our boys. She feels strongly that their manners can be improved and they can wear their hair in more becoming styles. She also feels that they are lazy and lack courage.

Mike Dietrich (12A) our famous football hero had much to say about the fairer sex. I must admit Ian Howie put some words into Mike's mouth but here's what he (they) said. Mike said very seriously. "I don't think there are enough girls at Kennedy, especially short ones. The ones that are here don't act their age and are very conceited." Ian added coyly that they should go on diets and move into the city.

Ann Riggs, one Kennedy public speaker, didn't have to say much against our boys. I guess she likes them eh? She feels that they are neat and dance well but don't dance enough. Don't forget Ann at the next tea dance boys!

Dorothy Hanes  
Jim Lewis

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## MINUTE BIOGS

Name In Full: Jean Ruth Clare Saville  
 Hometown: Roseland  
 Movie: Anything silly  
 Music: Spike Jones  
 Ambition: Occupational therapist  
 Like to do Best: Stand and her head and spit  
 nickels  
 Opinion of K.C.I.: Tops.

Name In Full: Michael Dietrich  
 Hometown: Windsor  
 Music: Glen Miller  
 Movie: Musical  
 Ambition: Doctor  
 Like to do Best: Try to beat Here at ping-pong  
 Opinion of K.C.I.: Hmmm!!??

Name In Full: Lawrence (Barney) Wareing  
 Hometown: Lancashire, England  
 Music: Old Time Waltzs  
 Movie: Animal pictures  
 Ambition: To be the Old Man of an Old Man's  
 Darling  
 Like to do Best: Hunting and Fishing  
 Opinion of K.C.I.: Good Students.

Name In Full: Donald James Reaume  
 Hometown: Windsor  
 Music: Sweet Swing  
 Movie: Musical  
 Ambition: To own a flower shop  
 Like to do Best: Sleep  
 Opinion of K.C.I.: Nice building.

Name In Full: Christine Peggy Tomczak  
 Hometown: Windsor  
 Music: Long Ago and Far Away  
 Movie preferred: Musical  
 Ambition: Nurse  
 Like to do best: Basketball  
 Opinion of K.C.I.: Sharp!

Name In Full: Henry Oliver Simola  
 Hometown: Windsor  
 Music: Anything good  
 Movie preferred: Musical comedy  
 Ambition: To have an ambition  
 Like to do Best: Eat and sleep  
 Opinion of K.C.I.: It'll do.

Editor's note: This "minute biog." was extract-  
 ed from Mr. Simola in exactly 1 hour, 12 minutes  
 and 43½ seconds. But we did it and we're glad!

Name In Full: Jo-Anne Elizabeth Beger  
 Hometown: Kitchener  
 Music: Clair de Lune  
 Movie: Musical  
 Ambition: To get a Ph.D.  
 Like to do Best: Dance  
 Opinion of K.C.I.: Pretty tricky.

Name In Full: Jack Elmer Wright  
 Hometown: Windsor  
 Music: Rhapsody In Blue  
 Movie: Musical  
 Ambition: Chemical Engineer  
 Like to do Best: Football  
 Opinion of K.C.I.: 'I only have two more months.'

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## Class News

### 13A

In Latin class we listen each day  
 To Mr. Ward as he drones away  
 And President Piethall strives in vain  
 To Keep his long legs out of the lane  
 And up in one corner Jackie and Jo-Anne  
 Are comparing notes on their week-end plans.  
 Howie thinks of Gloria and Spurgeon of Dell,  
 O'Flannigan charges in on the last minute bell.  
 Beres and Christie never say much  
 While Harriet and Faga never shut up.  
 Flossy lives for the after four classes.  
 When she and Ward really go to clashes  
 Jack and Carson try each day  
 To interpret Shakespeare for Miss Gray.  
 Two of our hockey players Worrell and Rowles  
 Practice hard, then all through school doze.  
 Leona gives forth, with bright answers in class  
 And Ruth Turner's comments are much too fast.  
 Stan sells tickets in the hall each day  
 And Bob sneaks the Crowder car away.  
 Peggy and Marilyn talk of last summer  
 While Lois Peterson dreams of her lover.  
 Mr. Bishop and Doug take over the class  
 While Tony and Bob give with the gas.  
 We are sure Marg Steele will get her M.D.  
 But Kay still wonders what her future will be.  
 Wilma cheers hard when the Ford Juniors play  
 Then relives the game in each class next day.  
 Midge hears of nothing but pipes and drums  
 Nora writes overdues on the run.  
 Arnold tried Latin for half a year  
 But Walter still finds it perfectly clear.  
 Pat Veney seems to be always away  
 While Aletta Knapper never misses a day.  
 Audrey and Pat those inseparable two  
 Have both found interests outside of school.  
 With Nancy captain we had no fear  
 Of winning the games we won this year.  
 So "tempus fugit" and long live Caesar  
 This ditty finished, we hope it will please "ya".  
 (ouch)

### CADET NEWS

(Continued from Page 52)

Mahon and Sgt. Major Cabinet. Interest is being added to the course of instruction by the study of the mortar and the bren. Our thanks to Sgt. Major Cabinet. Jim Spurgeon is to be our C/O this year and with fellows like Pickthall, Pennington, Kilpatrick, Campbell, Oleksiuk, Jamieson, Hagman and other experienced fellows and co-operation from every "guy and gal" we expect a prize group this year.



361 Ouellette

Phone 4-6244

Windsor, Ont.

### FRED STRUCKETT

OPTOMETRIST—OPTICIAN

Eyes Examined

Glasses Fitted

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## OFF THE RECORD

Flash—Why does Edith Chambers jump at the sound of an airplane during French or Biology? Confidentially it could be Ted buzzing the school in his "Piper Cub."

Flash—Kenneth Smookler and Marilyn Walter have found each other. Wonder what they talk about — the atomic theory or trigonometric functions.

Flash—Emma seems to be getting over the bust-up with Jim Tisdale very nicely by concentrating on Bill Wilson.

Flash—Bob Little must have something on the ball. It's not everyone who has a girl come all the way from Ohio to escort him to the K-Hop.

Flash—A little birdie tells us Bobby B. has turned from Kay to Char, while Kay's interests lie in Hamilton or does she still admire that blonde from Kennedy?

Flash—Why is Peggy B. so anxious to get to Western? It isn't because Eddie, her brother, goes there, is it Peggy?

Flash—Joyce Fenn sure gets around with all those grads—What's the matter with the ones we have at Kennedy now, Joyce?

Flash—Fifth form has had several accidents this year. Julius Gladys set fire to Dorothy Hanes in the Chemistry Lab. Then Edith Chambers shut the window so violently in Miss Gray's room that the pane flew out and she cut her hand, while the class laughed heartlessly.

Flash—Audrey and Pat have found boyfriends outside of school. From all accounts they are both very nice. Norah thinks so too, doesn't she Pat, or should we ask Wilma?

## WHY TEACHERS GO GRAY

The earth makes a resolution every twenty-four hours.

\* \* \*

The difference between air and water is air can be made wetter, but water can not.

\* \* \*

Things that are equal to each other are equal to anything else.

\* \* \*

Gravity is chiefly noticeable in the autumn when the apples are falling from the trees.

\* \* \*

The axis of the earth is an imaginary line on which the earth takes its daily routine.

\* \* \*

A parallel straight line is one which if produced to meet itself, does not meet.

\* \* \*

Electricity and lightning are of the same nature, the only difference being that lightning is often several miles long while electricity is only a few inches.

\* \* \*

Wolsey saved his life by dying on the way to Canterbury.

## KENNEDY IN SWING

Jean Holden—My Sugar Is So Refined.

Jim Reaume and Julius Gladys—Two Sleepy People.

Bob Scoren—My Fickle Eye.

Lois Peterson—Put That Ring On My Finger.

Jo-Anne Beger—Why Don't You Do "Wright."

Deneau and Cook—So-oo In Love.

Doug Sayers—The Belles of St. Mary's.

13A's Class Play—Taboo.

Ruth Turner—Breathless.

Ilka Oksanen—Gabriel Blow That' Horn.

Keith Warner—Margie.

Ian Howie—Serenade to a Jerk.

Harry Pickthall—Small Fry.

Joan Arnott—Personality.

Chris Tomczak—Waiting for the Train to Come In.

Jim Spurgeon—Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair.

Ken Smookler—Out of This World.

Joyce Fenn—How Cute Can You Be?

Jackie Eagen—Rumours Are Flying.

Bill Lewis—His Feet's Too Big for De Bed.

Mr. Thompson and Flossie—I Don't Know Why.

Doug Worrell—Once Too Often.

Edith Chambers—Guilty.

Peggy, Joan, Pewee and Marilyn—The Things We Did Last Summer.

Jones and Lanspeary—Open the Door Richard.

Harriet Ezra—All the Cowboys Wanta Marry Harriet.

Mr. Fox—Eager Beaver.

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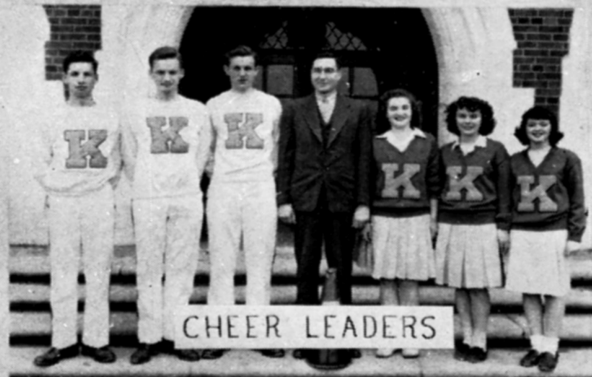
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**HUMOUR**

By Barry Strickland 13B.

An American Proverb: Little girls like all-day suckers and big girls only like them at night.

Mr. Fox: What is the scientific name for an ankle?

Jim A.: Gam, Sir!

A short, short story: And failed. Ed. note "ditto."

Ian Howie: Does your girl friends know much about cars?

Jim Spurgeon: Heck, no! She asked me if I cooled the engine by stripping the gears!

Mr. Fox (in a drug store): I want some tablets containing five grains of Acetylsalicylic acid.

Clerk: Oh, you mean Aspirins?

Mr. Fox: Yes, I can never think of that name.

Edith Chambers: Can you swim?

Barbara Arnott: I don't know.

Edith: What d'ya mean you don't know?

Barb: I sink before I can find out.

Miss Cuddy: "Soper, see if Miss Gray has any dictionaries."

Soper (returning empty handed): "Sure, Miss Cuddy, she has some."

Question: What do you do for a woman who has water on the knee?

Answer: Make her wear pumps.

Teacher: Is trousers singular or plural?

Keith Warner: Well, singular at the top and plural at the bottom.

Bob Peterson: Riding in my car is the same as going to church.

Jo-Anne: Why?

Bob: It knocks the "devil" out of you.

Mr. Ward: What is the Latin for "He pretended he wanted to walk."

Audrey Wheeler: "Hitch Hike Hokum."

Mr. Knapp: Fermez la porte, Mlle. Woods.

Midge Woods looks around, then gets up, and puts her gum in the basket.

Joe is so dumb that he thinks Ann Arbor is a co-ed at the University of Michigan.

A stuffed olive is an overgrown pea with a tail-light in it.

Some babies are born to be rulers. The rest are boys.

Bob Buckner: Does Miss Vrooman mark Algebra hard?

Julius Gladys: Does she! Why she takes off 5 marks for having a decimal point upside down.

**Honour Matrer**

History:

When Caesar crossed the Rubicon,  
He stopped to put his galoshes on;  
When Brutus drew his trusty knife,  
Said he, 'You brute, you've took my life.'  
And then Mark Anthony buried he  
And that is the end of Julius C.

Geometry:

A straight line is the distance between two points.

A good line is the shortest distance between two dates.

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**WINDSOR**

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Math.:

That two and two is four  
I learned with grief and toil;  
But 2 in 1 is shoe polish,  
And 3 in 1 is oil.

Zoology:

The Mule . . . . .  
On the mule we find two legs behind,  
And two we find before;  
But we stand behind before we find  
What the two behind are for!

Physiology:

My spine is my most important part,  
Says my little brother;  
My head sits on one end of it  
And I sit on the other.

Teacher: Do you know that a fool can ask  
more questions than a wise man can answer?

Pupil: Is that why I failed in my exams, Sir?

Jim Spurgeon: It must be hard to drink with  
a moustache.

Bob C.: Yes, quite a strain.

Angry Father: Say, it's two o'clock. Do you  
think you can stay here all night?

Daughter's Beau: I'll have to telephone home  
first.

Jack: Why is love like an apple pie?

John: Some crust and a lot of apple sauce.

Miss Gray: "The world belongs to the ener-  
getic."

C. Storm: "Who wants the world anyway?"

Found: A roll of \$10 bills. Owners will please  
form a line to Tecumseh Road from the front  
entrance of the school.

Mr. Bishop: "How far are you from the right  
answer?"

Tony M.: "Two seats, Sir."

Mr. Knapp: "A boy who laughs loudly at old,  
feeble jokes is probably of low intellect."

Sidney: "Not if a teacher tells the jokes."

Jack Wright (on guard duty): "Halt! Who  
goes there?"

John Hagman: "You shut your mouth or I'll  
come and knock your block off!"

Jack Wright: "Pass, friend!"

Philosophy:

Lives there a student with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
"Homework be darned, I'm going to bed."

Confucius says: "Laugh and the class laughs  
with you, but you serve the detention alone."

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OF

**BERRY BROTHERS**

PAINTS AND VARNISHES

COMPLIMENTS

OF

**A FRIEND**

COMPLIMENTS

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**SAINT GEORGE'S**

**YOUTH CENTRE**

1st Former: "Which is the most important, the sun or the moon?"

Wise 2nd Former: "The moon, because it shines at night when we need the light."

He: "You sure think you're good-looking, don't you?"

Jo-Anne B.: "No, but what's my opinion against that of hundreds of boys?"

Mr. Fox: "Now, what did you learn from that experiment?"

The Average Student: "Those beakers cost 50c."

Many a man has made a spectacle of himself with two glasses.

A hug is a thing of beauty entirely surrounded by a stretch of masculinity.

"Why do you call your wife Pegasus?"

"Well, Pegasus was an immortal horse and my wife is an eternal nag."

One: Well, at least I've passed in Latin.

Other: Honestly?

One: Don't be inquisitive.

Bill Lucas: "What were you doing after the accident?"

Don Ellis: "Oh, sweeping up an old acquaintance."

A Poem:

I have a car  
It never skids  
It never breaks down  
It never gets a puncture  
It never falters in steep grades  
It never gets in collisions or accidents—  
Gee, I wish I could start it!

"The man who marries my daughter will get a prize."

"Can I see it, please?"

An old maid is like a fisherman—they both tell about big ones that got away.

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